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—OF—

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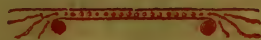
HYMN OF THE REFORMATION:

"Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott,"

—BY—

REV. BERNHARD PICK, Ph. D., D. D.,

Author of "Luther as a Hymnist," and "Ein feste Burg" in 21 Languages.



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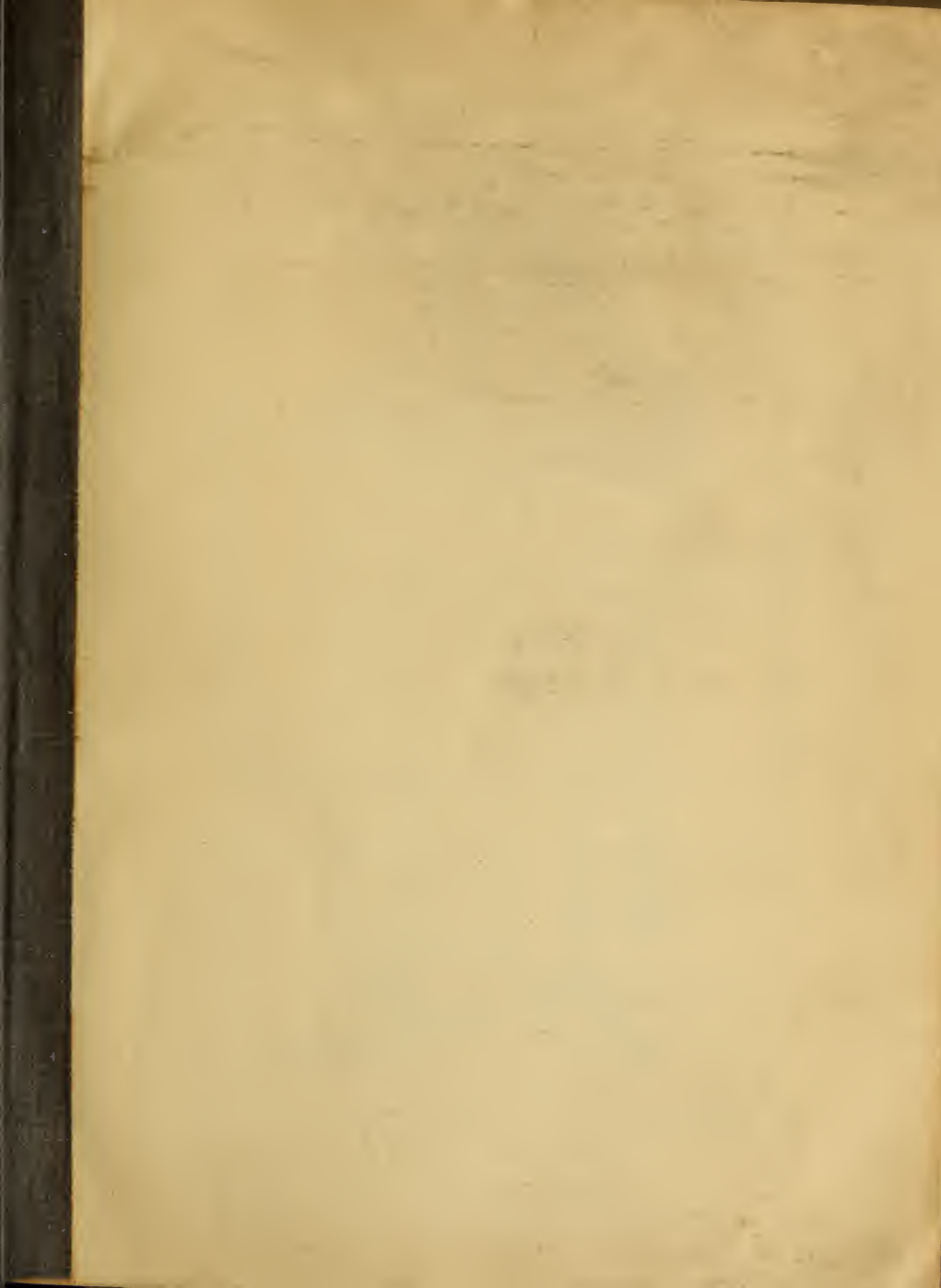
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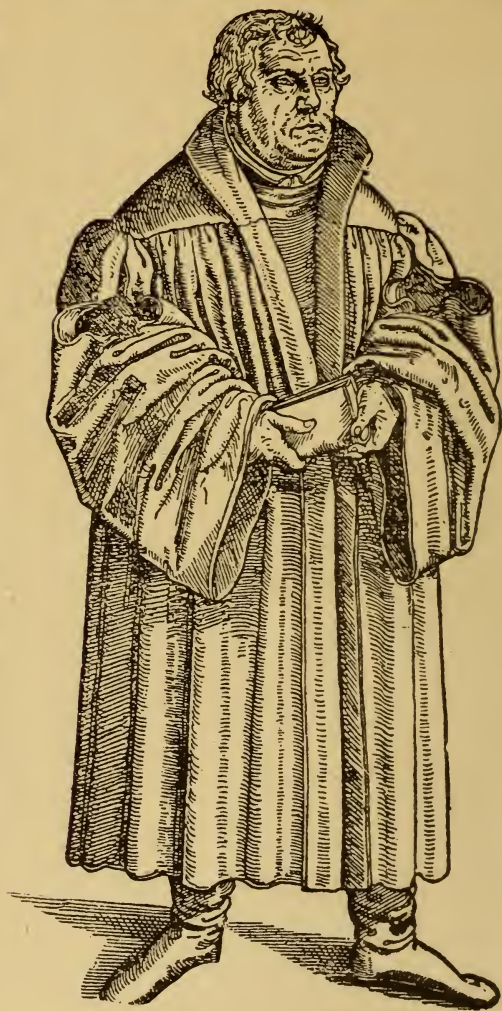
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LUTHER IN 1546.

(After a Woodcut by Cranach.)



✓✓

Dr. Martin Luther's

Hymn of the Reformation:

Ein feste Burg

ist unser Gott

in the English language.

✓

By REV. BERNHARD PICK, Ph. D., D. D.,

Author of "Luther as a Hymnist," and "Ein feste Burg" in 21 Languages.

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Preface.





PREFACE.

NEXT to the Bible and Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," no work has been translated into so many languages as Luther's Reformation Hymn "*Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott.*" But, like those grand mediaeval hymns the *Dies Irae* and *Stabat Mater Dolorosa*, it has challenged and defied the skill of the best translators and imitators. For many years I have been collecting translations of this grand hymn and herewith send forth the English translations including one in Broad-Scotch, making in all 80 versions. This collection is by far the largest which has ever been published. I take this opportunity to thank the many friends, especially the Rev. Jas. Mearns, of Owston, Lincolnshire, England, for their kind contributions.

"Go forth, little book !—I to others now leave thee,—
Go seek among strangers in future thy friends;
If worthy,—the worthy will kindly receive thee,
If worthless,—neglect is thy worthy amends."

B. PICK.

Albany N. Y., September, 1897.







INTRODUCTION.

AMONG the more than 3000 accepted German Hymns none stands out so prominent, none has become so famous, and none has done such most effective service, as "*Ein feste Burg*." It may indeed be called the "national hymn of Protestant Germany." The field-marshal Leopold von Dessau styled it "the march of our Lord God's dragoons," and Heinrich Heine called it "the marseillaise of the Reformation." This hymn, which is a strong expression of faith and reliance in God, was mighty as a flaming sword; it was, and still is, the tocsin of spiritual independence, of religious freedom, and as such it expresses the purest spirit of Protestantism. When this hymn was composed, is, as we shall see, a matter of dispute; but certain it is, that since it was first sung, it became the national hymn of Protestant Germany, the imperishable

paeap of the Reformation. "Judged by conventional rules," says Dr. J. A. Seiss, "it may not seem very artistic. The rocky dissonance and Teutonic bluntness of its form and phrases may be repellant to a fastidious poetic taste, but it was very original when produced, and a man must go down into the depths of the mighty upheaval of the great Reformation itself, and of that evangelic faith which stood invincible amid the perils of those times, before he is in position to see and feel the power and majesty of these rough rhymes and jarring contradictions of measure and cadence. The judgment of three centuries has pronounced this hymn the greatest Psalm of Faith that has had birth in the modern ages; and this should go far to settle all questions of taste respecting it." (*Recreation Songs*, Phila., 1878, with supplement, 1887, p. 49 seg.) Thomas Carlyle, the rugged Englishman, who probably was better qualified than any other English writer to drink in and to express in another language the spirit of this hymn says: "It jars upon our ears; yet is there something in it like the sound of Alpine avalanches, or the first murmur of earthquakes; in the very vastness of that dissonance a higher unison is revealed to us. Luther wrote this song in a time of blackest threatenings, which, however, would in no wise become a time of despair. In those tones, rugged, broken as they are, do we not recognize the accent of that summoned man (summoned not by Charles the Fifth, but by God Almighty also), who answered

his friend's warning not to enter Worms in this wise: 'Were there as many Devils in Worms as there are roof tiles, I would go in;'—of him who, alone in that assemblage, before all emperors, and principalities, and powers, spoke forth these final and forever memorable words, 'It is neither safe nor prudent to do aught against conscience. Here stand I, I cannot otherwise. God assist me. Amen.'" (*Frazer's Magazine*, 1831).

Another modern writer says: "This hymn is Luther in song. It is pitched in the very key of the man. Rugged and majestic, trustful in God, and confident, it was the defiant trumpet-blast of the Reformation, speaking out to the powers in the earth and under the earth, an all-conquering conviction of divine vocation and empowerment. The world has many sacred songs of exquisite tenderness and unalterable trust, and also some bold and awe-inspiring lyrics, like *Dies Irae*; but this one of Luther's is matchless for its warlike tone, its rugged strength, and martial inspiring ring." This warlike tone, probably inspired our own poet, John G. Whittier, to one of his war songs headed "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott." The first stanza of which runs thus, (*Poetical Works*, section entitled "In War Time"):

"We wait beneath the furnace-blast
The pangs of transformation;
Not painlessly doth God recast
And mould anew the nation.
Hot burns the fire
Where wrongs expire;

Nor spares the hand
That from the land
Uproots the ancient evil."

That a hymn like this should have its own history, is but a matter of course. For says Kuebler (*Historical Notes to the Lyra Germanica*, London, 1865, p. 147, seq.) "Quickly as if the angels had been the carriers, the hymn spread throughout Germany and other countries." In 1532 it was sung in the church of Schweinfurth, in Bavaria, against the will of the Romish priest, and the children sang it in the streets at night, whereupon the Reformation was soon established in that town. After Luther's death, when Wittenberg fell into the enemy's hand, in 1547, and Melancthon, Jonas, and Creutziger, the chief Lutheran divines, had to flee sorrowfully to Weimar, they heard, as they entered the town, this hymn sung by a girl, which greatly comforted them, and Melancthon said to the child: "Sing, my dear daughter, sing; you know not what great people you are now comforting." When the Elector Count Frederick III, of the Palatinate was asked why he did not build fortresses in his land, he replied, "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott."

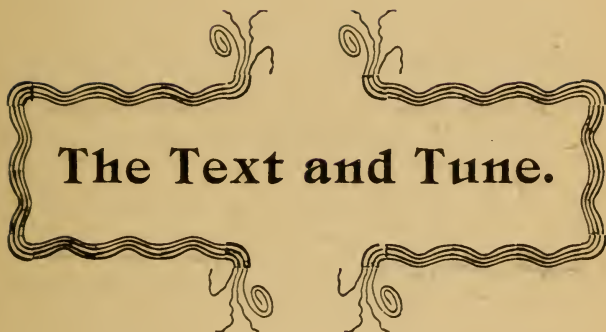
The pious King Gustavus Adolphus, of Sweden, ordered this hymn to be sung by his whole army before the battle of Leipsic, Sept. 17th, 1631, and when he had obtained the victory he fell on his knees, praising God, and exclaimed in the words of the second verse, "'Tis He must

win the battle." Again it was sung before the battle of Luetzen, Nov. 16th, 1632, in which the brave king lost his life, but his army gained the victory.

When the Evangelical Prince Wolfgang, of Anhalt, was banished by the Emperor Charles V, and his land given to another, he mounted his horse, rode through the town of Bernburg, and sang as a farewell in the market-place with a loud voice the last few lines of the fourth verse, 'E'en should they take our life,' etc. And when the Elector John Frederick, of Saxony, in his prison at Augsburg, heard that the Evangelical ministers and divines of that town, who came to pay him a farewell visit, had been deposed and banished by the Emperor, he wept aloud, and after some time asked them: "Has the Emperor banished you from the whole empire?" "Yes" they replied. "Has he also banished you from Heaven?" "No." "Oh," he continued, "then fear nothing: God's Kingdom our's abideth." And little as he himself possessed then, he gave them some money to divide among themselves for their journey.

The poor Protestant emigrants from Salzburg and other parts of Austria used often to sing this hymn on their way into exile, and the Huguenots did the same in France in the time of their bloody persecutions between 1560 and 1572; yea, many of them died joyfully 'as martyrs with this hymn on their lips. Through Meyerbeer's

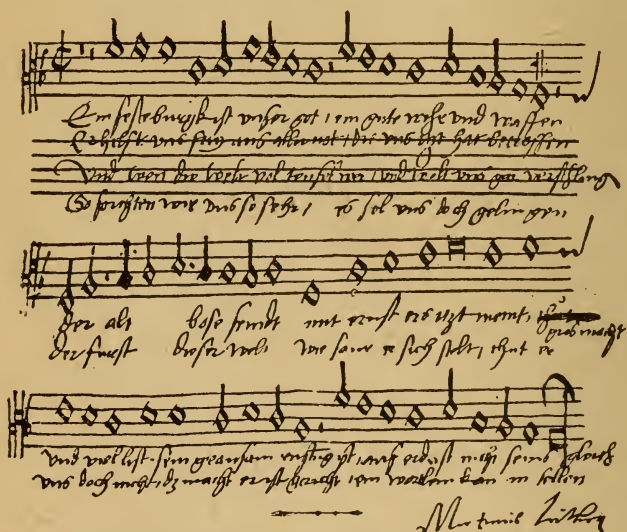
opera "The Huguenots," this hymn with its tune has even been introduced on the stage. It is reported that a Roman Catholic count, who in 1547 came to Germany with Charles V., heard this Lutheran hymn sung, and said: "I will help to pull down this 'stronghold,' or else I will not live." But three days after he suddenly fell ill and died.



The Text and Tune.



Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott



Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott, in gute Wehr und Waffen
 Beschütze uns from aller Noth, die uns das Heil bedrohet
 Und wenn die Noth viel teufelt um, und tracht uns zu vernichten
 So springen wir uns so frey, so sol uns doch gelingen
 Der als böse Feind mit uns nicht ruht, nicht meinet, uns
 Zu überwinden, der unser Noth so sehr, so sehr, so sehr
 Und viel Leiden, sein grausam Vnter, so viel, so viel, so viel
 Uns doch nicht, so nicht, so nicht, so nicht, so nicht, so nicht

Martin Luther

FAC-SIMILE OF ORIGINAL SCORE OF LUTHER'S BATTLE-HYMN.

II. The Text and Tune.

The XLVI. Psalm : "Deus noster refugium et virtus" etc.

Ein feste burg ist unser Gott,
ein gute wehr und waffen.
Er hilft uns frei aus aller not,
die uns itzt hat betroffen.

Der alt boese feind
mit ernst ers itzt meint,
gross macht und viel list
sein grausam ruestung ist,
auf erd ist nicht seins gleichen.

Mit unser macht ist nichts gethan,
wir sind gar bald verloren :
Es streit fuer uns der rechte man
den Gott hat selbs erkoren.

Fragstu, wer der ist ?
er heisst Jhesus Christ,
der HERR-Zebaoth,
und ist kein ander Gott,
das feld muss er behalten.

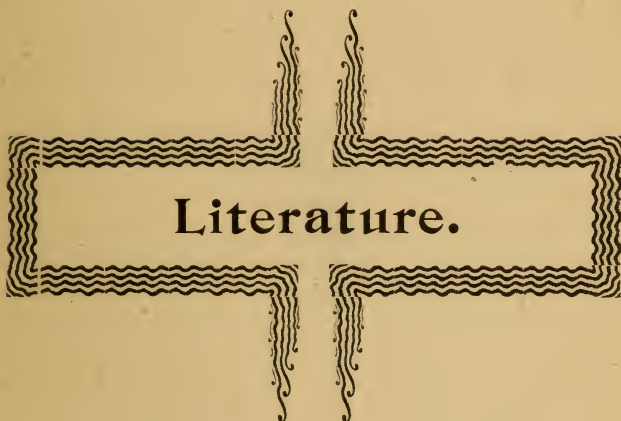
Und wenn die welt vol Teufel wer
und wolt uns gar verschlingen,
So fuerchten wir uns nicht so sehr,
es sol uns doch gelingen.

Der Fuerst dieser welt,
wie saur er sich stelt,
thut er uns doch nicht.
das macht, er ist gericht,
ein woertlein kan in fellen.

Das wort sie soellen lassen stan
und kein dank dazu haben.
Er ist bei uns wol auf dem plan
mit seinem Geist und gaben.

Nemen sie den leib.
gut, ehr, kind und weib :
lass faren dahin,
sie habens kein gewin,
das Reich muss uns doch bleiben.

The text is the same which is found in Valentine Babst's edition published at Leipsic in 1545. This collection contains the last revision of Luther's hymns, which were published while he was yet alive, and shortly before his death. Goedeke, too, in his edition of Luther's hymns with an introduction by Wagenmann (Leipsic 1883), adopted the same text, and this principle is acknowledged as the correct one (*See Theolog. Literaturblatt*, Leipzig, 1884, col. 146.)



Literature.





III. Literature.

THE literature of Luther's hymns, especially of "*Ein feste Burg*" is very rich. In passing over older works, which are mentioned by Schauer and Linke, we mention the most important and most recent on our subject.

Wackernagel, C. E. Ph., Martin Luther's geistliche Lieder, Stuttgart, 1848.

Wackernagel, C. E. Ph., Bibliographie zur Geschichte des deutschen Kirchenliedes, Erlangen, 1855;

Wackernagel, C. E. Ph., Das deutsche Kirchenlied, vol. I, Leipzig, 1884.

Schauer, J. K., Luther's Reformationslied, "*Ein feste Burg*," Coburg, 1853.

Schneider, K. F. Th., Luther's geistliche Lieder, 2d ed. Berlin, 1856.

Koestlin, Julius, Leben Luther's, 2 vols. Elberfeld 1875 (vol. II, 127); 3d ed, 1883 (vol. II, 182-650).

- Knaake, J. K. F., Luther's Lied "Ein feste Burg" im Jahre 1527. gedichtet in Zeitschrift fuer Kirchliche Wissenschaft und Leben, Leipzig, 1881, p. 39-48.
- Pick, B., Ein fest Burg (in 19 languages), Rochester, 1880; 2d ed. (in 21 languages), Chicago, 1883.
- Biltz, K., Beilage zur neuen preussischen Zeitung, April 2, 1882; July 12, 19, 26, 1885.
- Biltz, K., Blaetter fuer Hymnologie, 1883 p. 103-105.
- Schulze, L., Blaetter fuer Hymnologie, 1883 p. 75 seq
- Wagenmann, J., Dichtungen von M. Luther, herausgegeben von Karl Goedeke, Leipzig, 1883.
- Erichson, A., Ein feste Burg. Entstehung des Liedes, Strassburg, 1883.
- Linke, J., Megalandri Martini Lutheri canticum canticorum, Altenburg, 1883;
- Linke, J., Wann wurde das Lutherlied Ein feste Burg verfasst? Leipzig, 1886.
- Gerbert, C., Die Abfassung des Lutherliedes "Ein feste Burg" Zurich, 1884.
- Kuecheuemeister, F., Das evangelische Glaubenslied, Ein feste Burg, Dresden, 1884. (Comp. the notices thereon by Oster in Protestantische Kirchenzeitung 1884, col. 582-586; Achelis in Theologische Literatur-zeitung, 1884, col. 434-437).
- Delitzsch, F., Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott in Allgemeine evangelisch-lutherische Kir-

chenzeitung, 1884, col. 701-702.

Achelis, E., Entstehungszeit von Luther's geistlichen Liedern, Marburg, 1884.

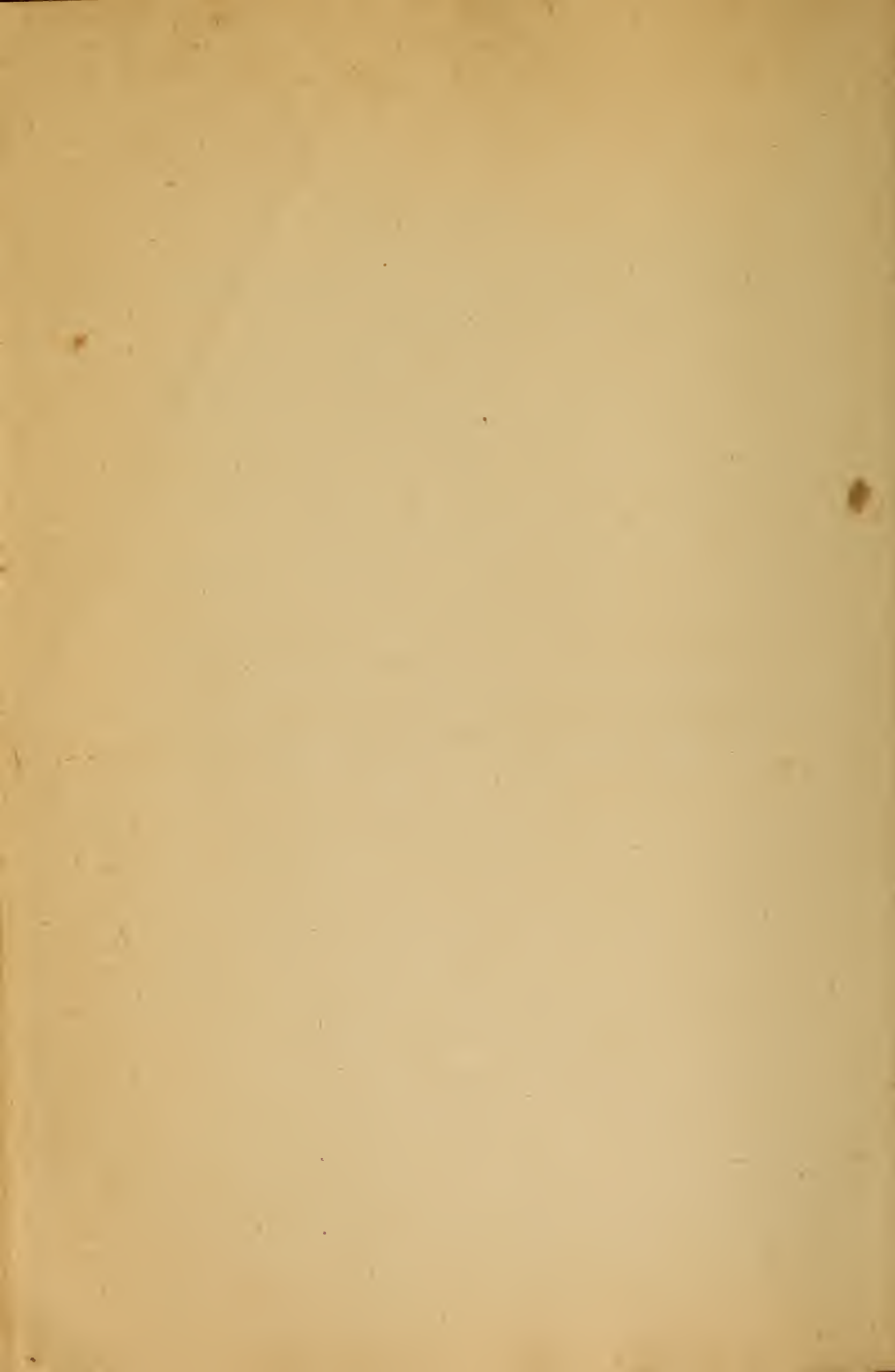
Bachmann, J., Zur Entstehungsgeschichte der geistlichen Lieder Luther's in Zeitschrift fuer Kirchliche Wissenschaft und Leben, 1884, pp. 151-168. 294-312; 1885, pp. 42-49.

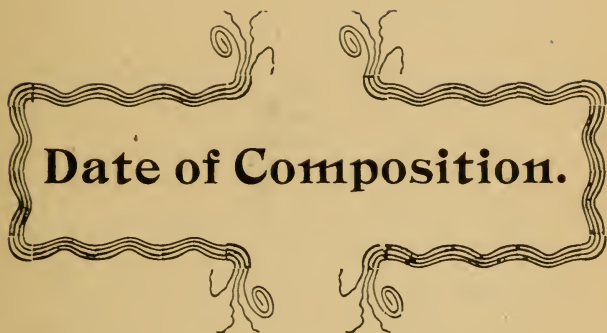
Zoeckler, O., Eine neue Hypothese betreffend die Abfassungszeit des Lutherhodes in Evangelische Kirchenzeitung, 1885, No. 48.

Schaff, Ph., History of the Christian Church, New York, 1888, vol. vi. p. 503.

Wiese, M. F. & Linke, J., Ueber das Lied Ein feste Burg is unser Gott in Blaetter fuer Hymnologie, 1889 p. 29-31.

Lilley, J. P., Luther's Psalm in the Expository Times, Edinburgh, (December) 1891.







IV. Date of Composition.

THE date of composition is still a *crux hymnologorum*. As no less than seven different dates have been proposed, it cannot be said that the acts are already closed. Under the circumstances it will be best to register the different dates and their advocates. In favor of the year:

1521 is Achelis. Forty years before Achelis, Goltz in "Auesfuhrliche Erklaerungeiniger Kirchenlieder," Berlin, 1843, p. 351, already favored this date, not to speak of other writers before him.

1524. This date is based upon a notice found in the chronicle of Petrus Saxe, according to which a certain Herman Tast is reported to have sung our hymn already in 1524 after a sermon which he delivered at Gardingen. The truth of this chronicle report has also been adopted by later writers. Of the most recent we mention Gerbert.

1525. This is Linke's theory in his monograph, and on more than 90 pages of his work he endeavors to prove the correctness of his hypothesis.

1527. This date was first advocated by Schneider (p. xxxvii) and opposed by Wackernagel (Kirchenlied I p. xx). But recently it found supporters in Knaake, Koestlin (2d and 3d ed), Schulze, Schaff.

1528. The advocates of this year are Biltz, Kuechenmeister, Oster, Delitzsch, Bachmann, Linke (Megalanders).

1529. Many are the advocates of this date. Not to speak of such hymnologists as Winterfeld and Tucher, this date is advocated by Wackernagel, Koestlin (1st ed.) Goedcke-Wagenmann, Erichson, and Nelle (in *Konservative Monatschrift*, 1889, p. 535).

1530. This date has the most advocates among older writers, none among modern, at least not among those whose works we have mentioned in the former section.



Translations of the
Hymn.





V. Translations of the hymn.

THERE are only a few works which have been translated into many languages, viz : The Bible, Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* (which is said now to exist in 83 languages), and our hymn. The languages into which it has been translated, and which I have collected, are as follows :

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Accra or Ga. | 14. Ewe. |
| 2. Arabic. | 15. Finnish. |
| 3. Armenian (Ararat), | 16. French. |
| 4. Batta (Angkola). | 17. German (Low). |
| 5. Batta (Toba). | 18. Greek (Ancient). |
| 6. Bohemian. | 19. Greek (Modern). |
| 7. Canarese. | 20. Greenlandish. |
| 8. Chinese (Hakka Col-
loquial). | 22. Hebrew. |
| 9. Danish. | 21. Herero. |
| 10. Dutch. | 23. Hindu. |
| 11. English. | 24. Hottentot. |
| 12. Esthonian (Reval). | 25. Hungarian. |
| 13. Esthonian (Dorpat). | 26. Icelandic. |
| | 27. Italian. |

- | | |
|--------------------|----------------------|
| 28. Kafir. | 41. Scotch-Broad. |
| 29. Labrador. | 42. Sesuto. |
| 30. Lapponese. | 43. Spanish. |
| 31. Latin. | 44. Swedish. |
| 32. Lettish. | 45. Tamil. |
| 33. Lithuanian. | 46. Telugu. |
| 34. Malayalim. | 47. Tibetan. |
| 35. Moskito. | 48. Tshi. |
| 36. Mondari. | 49. Welsh. |
| 37. Negro-English. | 50. Wendish (Upper). |
| 38. Norwegian. | 51. Wendish (Lower). |
| 39. Polish. | 52. Zulu. |
| 40. Russian. | |

Whether this list comprises all existing translations or not, I cannot state. At all events the list proves that our hymn is unique.

A large, ornate border surrounding the title. It features a central rectangular frame with a wavy, rope-like pattern. From each of the four corners, a decorative scrollwork element extends outwards, resembling a stylized cross or a four-pointed star with intricate, swirling lines.

**Sources of Our
Translations.**





VI. Sources of our Translation.

i. *Lyra Davidica*, London, 1708, (supplied by Rev. J. Mearns; we have marked* all those sent to us by that gentleman).

ii-iii. From *Psalmodia Germanica*, ed. Jacobi, London, 1722. 2d revised ed. 1732, reprinted in 1765.

iv.* *Moravian Brethren's Hymnbook*, London, 1754

v. First published in *Frazer's Magazine*, 1831.

vi. *Mill's Horae Germanicæ*, Auburn, N. Y., 1844.

vii.* In *Hymns of the Reformation*, 1845.

viii.* In *Hymns from the German of Luther*, Edinburgh, 1847.

ix. *Hymns for the use of the Lutheran Congregations in the Danish West India Island*, ed. Bagger, Copenhagen, 1850.

x. *General Synod H. B.*, Phila, 1850.

xi.* In *Psalms and Hymns for the use of Rugby School Chapel*, 1850.

- xii. In Psalms and Hymns, Cambridge, 1851.
- xiii. In Furness' Gems of German verse, 1853.
- xiv. In Luther's select melodies, Phila., 1853.
- xv.* In Spiritual Songs of Luther, London, 1853.
- xvi.* In Spiritual Songs of Luther's, London, 2^{ed}.
- xvii. In Spiritual Songs of Luther, London, 1854.
- xviii. In Hymns from the German, *ibid.*, 1854.
- xix. In Lyra Germanica, I, *ibid.*, 1855.
- xx. In Lyra Christiana, Edinburgh, 1855.
- xxi. In Book of German Songs, London, 1856.
- xxii. Unknown, 1857.
- xxiii.* In Tonic Sol-Fa Reporter, London, July, 1857.
- xxiv. In Sacred Lyrics from the German, Phila. 1859.
- xxv. In Hymns for Church and Home, *ibid.*, 1860.
- xxvi.* In British Messenger, Aug. 11, 1860.
- xxvii. In Hymns translated or imitated from the German, London, 1860.
- xxviii. Supplied by the author.
- xxix. In Evangel. Review, Gettysburg, July, 1863.
- xxx. In the Guardian, Phila., May, 1863.
- xxxi. In Hymnologia Christiana, London, 1863.
- xxxii. In Poems and Translations, *ibid.*, 1864.

xxxiii-xxxiv. In Prophetic Times, Phil.; Nov. 1865; in Philadelphian, Jan. 2d, 1867.

xxxv. In Monthly Religious Magazine, Boston, 1867.

xxxvi. In Jubilee Service, Phila., 1867.

xxxvii. Reprinted in the Lutheran, Feb. 23, 1888.

xxxviii.* In Year of Praise, London, 1867 (2 vs. only).

xxxix.* In Sunday Magazine, *ibid.*, 1867.

xl.* In Programme for a United Pres. Church Psalmody meeting at Edinburgh, 1868, (May).

xli. Reprinted in the Lutheran, Feb. 23, 1888.

xlii. Anglican Hymn Book ed. by him and Monk, London, 1868 (vs. 1 and 2, and an original one as 3).

xliii. In Sacred Lyrics, *ibid.*, 1869.

xliv. In Christian Singers of Germany, *ibid.* 1869.

xlv.* In Wesleyan Methodist Mag., London, Jan. 1869.

xlvi. In Church Book, Phila., 1872.

xlvii. In Golden Legend (2d interlude), Boston, 1872.

xlviii.* In Praise Book, London, 1872.

xlix.* In Church of England Magazine, *ibid.*, 1872.

l. In English Hymns, their authors and story, New York, 1886 (but already translated in 1873).

li. In Uppingham Hymn Book ed. by E. Thring 1874.

- lii-liv. In Lutheran Observer, Phila., 1879.
- lv. Unknown, 1879.
- lvi. In Luth. Hymnal of the Ohio Synod, Columbus, O., 1880.
- lvii. In German Reformed Messenger, Phila., Sept. 15 1880.
- lviii. In Canada Presbyterian Hymnal, 1880.
- lix. Unknown; found in some church paper between 1880-83.
- lx. Found in a religious paper between 1880-83.
- lxi.* In Church of England H. B., London, 1882.
- lxii. In Peerless Price, Phila., 1882.
- lxiii. In Hymns of M. Luther, New York, 1883.
- lxiv. In Luther a Song Tribute, Phila. 1883.
- lxv.* In Westminster Abbey H. B. London, 1883.
- lxvi. In Academy, London, July 24, 1884.
- lxvii. Supplied by the author.
- lxviii. In Lutheran Hymns, St. Louis, Mo., 1885.
- lix. In Recreation Songs, Phila., 1886.
- lxx. In The Reading Times, 1888.
- lxxi. In Lutheran, Phila., Feb., 23, 1888; reprinted by Schaff, Hist. of the Christ. Church, vi, p. 742.
- lxxii. In the Workman, Pittsburg, March 1, 1888.

- lxxiii. In the Lutheran, Phila., March 3, 1888.
- lxxiv. In the Lutheran, March 3, 1888.
- lxxv. In Lutheran, March 3, 1888, styled by
the author a paraphrase.
- lxxvi. In the Lutheran, Oct. 24, 1889.
- lxxvii. In Lutheran Observer, Dec. 13, 1889.
- lxxviii. In Luth. Observer, 1891.
- lxxix. In Expository Times, Edinburgh, Dec.,
1891.
- lxxx. This version into Broad Scotch was
published by W. W. Smith, of Newmarket, Ont.,
in the Sunday-School Times, Phila., Nov. 24, 1888.



**List of Eighty
Translations of
“Ein feste Burg.”**



I.

ANON.

1708.

& GOD is our refuge and strong fence,
Is our best arms and armour;
While powers of darkness now commence
Their last and grand temptation hour.
While the old enemy
Assaults us irefully,
All arm'd with strength and art—
With grim and fiery dart—
None like him all the world o'er.
Nought here avails our strength or deed;
We presently must be destroy'd.
But for us fights a Man indeed;
A Champion bold, th' Elect of God.
Does any ask, who is't?
His name is Jesus Christ;
The Lord of Hosts Divine;
We'll to none else incline.
He, He sustains the inroad.
And should we thousand devils see,
Just ready us to swallow,
We would not doubt the victory:
The day is ours we surely know.
The Prince of this world vain,
With all his might and main,
Can do no injury;
For judg'd himself is he.
One little word can him o'erthrow.

They shall not shake God's stable word,
 And this we shall not thank'em for.
 He keeps the field with flaming sword
 Of his own Spirit's victorious power:
 And tho' they rob of life,
 Goods, honour, child or wife;
 To them no gain 'twill be;
 We'll stand resign'd and free:
 The kingdom's left still at the door.

 II.

J. C. JACOBI.

1722.

GOD is our Refuge in distress,
 Our strong defence and armor;
 He's present, when left comfortless,
 In raging storms our harbor.
 Th' infernal enemy,
 Look! how enraged is he!
 He now exerts his force
 To stop the Gospel-course;
 Who can withstand this tyrant?
 All human power must here be lost;
 Our strength would soon be moved;
 The *Valiant Man*, of whom we boast,
 Is Christ the well-beloved:
 This is the Conqueror
 Endowed with foreign power,
 The Lord both great and good,
 And only living God,
 He gains the field of battle.

If all the devils should wage the fight
 In order to destroy us,
 They would not put us into fright,
 The victory should be joyous.
 We scorn the prince of hell;
 With fury let him swell;
 He cannot hurt one hair,
 We shall escape his snare,
 One single word can rout him.

This word puts all our foes to flight,
 With shame they are confounded,
 For Christ instructs our hands to fight,
 His Spirit is unbounded.
 Tho' we should lose our lives,
 Fame, children, goods, and wives,
 Destroying all they can,
 They'll find but little gain—
 God's kingdom is our portion.

III.

J. C. JACOBI.

1732.

GOD is our refuge in distress,
 Our strong defence and armor,
 He's present when we're comfortless,
 In storms He is our harbor.
 Th' infernal enemy,
 Look! how enraged is he!
 He now exerts his force
 To stop the Gospel course:
 Who can withstand this tyrant?

All human power is but dust,
Our strength an idle story;
The *Valiant Man*, in whom we trust,
Is Christ, the Lord of glory.

He is the Conqueror,
Vested with sovereign pow'r.
The Lord both great and good,
The only living God,
Gains us the field of battle.

If all the devils should wage the war
In order to destroy us,
They should not once put us in fear;
The victory would be joyous.

We dare the prince of hell;
With fury let him swell;
He cannot hurt one hair;
We shall escape his snare;
Christ's single word can rout him.

His word puts all our foes to flight;
With shame they are confounded;
For Christ instructs our hands to fight;
His Spirit is unbounded.

Tho' we should lose our lives,
Fame, children, goods, and wives,
Destroy hell what it can,
'Twill find but little gain,
God's kingdom is our portion.

IV.

ANON.

1754.

God is our refuge in distress,
Our strong defence and armour;
He's present, when we're comfortless,
In storms he is our harbour;
The foul old enemy,
Look how enrag'd is he!
Much cunning, great might,
Dreadful make his spight;
On this Earth none is like him.

By our strength there is nothing done,
We soon are lost and marred;
But there fights for us the right Man,
Whom God himself prepared :
Ask'st thou for his name ?
'Tis Jesus Christ, the same
Known Lord of Hosts to be,
There is no God but he;
He sure must win the battle.

And if the world with devils swarm'd
Who threaten'd us to swallow,
We're not afraid, for we are arm'd,
And victory must follow.
We dare the world—God's pow'r,
Let him look ne'er so sour;
What can he attempt,
Has he not been condemn'd ?
One word will make him tremble.

The Word of God stands, and goes on,
 And men have no thanks for it.
 The Lord stands by us in the van
 With his good gifts and Spirit;
 They may take our life,
 Name, goods, child and wife;
 We to all submit,
 They'll nothing gain by it,
 And we shall have God's Kingdom.

V.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

1831.

A safe stronghold our God is still,
 A trusty shield and weapon;
 He'll help us clear from all the ill
 That hath us now o'ertaken.
 The ancient prince of hell
 Hath risen with purpose fell;
 Strong mail of craft and power
 He weareth in this hour;
 On earth is not his fellow.

With force of arms we nothing can,
 Full soon were we downriden;
 But for us fights the proper Man,
 Whom God himself hath bidden.
 Ask ye, who is this same?
 Christ Jesus is his name,
 The Lord Zebaoth's Son,
 He and no other one
 Shall conquer in the battle.

And were this world all devils o'er,
And watching to devour us,
We lay it not to heart so sore,
Not they can overpower us.
And let the prince of ill
Look grim as e'er he will,
He harms us not a whit :
For why ? His doom is writ,
A word shall quickly slay him.
God's word, for all their craft and force,
One moment will not linger;
But spite of hell, shall have its course,
'Tis written by His finger.
And though they take our life,
Goods, honor, children, wife,
Yet is their profit small;
These kings shall vanish all,
The city of God remaineth.

VI.

H. MILLS.

1844.

A tower of safety is our God,
His sword and shield defend us;
His mercy, too, relieves the load
Of evils that attend us.
But the ancient foe
Strives to work our woe;
Fearful power and art
In him their force exert;
On earth he has no rival.

By strength of ours naught could be done,
The strife full soon were ended;
But fights for us that righteous One
By God himself commended.
Needs his name be told ?
Jesus—from of old
Lord of Sabaoth,—
Our God and Saviour both,—
He shall our souls deliver.

Though devils all the earth should fill,
Each gaping to devour us,
This Saviour would our terrors quell,
And victory guide before us,
Prince of this vain world,
Be thy fury hurled
On our heads.—'twere vain !
He will thy rage restrain;
His smallest word subdue thee.

His truth our *foes* shall help to show;
For this no thanks they merit;
Believing Him we onward go,
He cheers us by His Spirit.
Should they, in the strife,
Quench our joys and life;
When their worst is done,
For us the victory's won,—
He'll crown us then with glory.

VII.

HENRIETTA J. FRY.

1845.

God is the city of our strength !
Our hearts, exulting, cry ;
He is our bulwark and defence—
Our arms for victory.
He helps our souls through earth's distress
That meets us in the wilderness.
Satan, the old manignant foe
Now works, with purposed mind, our woe;
Perfidious cunning, fiendish might,
He bears, as weapons for the fight,
Whilst equal none on earth has he,
To struggle for the mastery.
By human strength and human skill
No worthy wreaths are won;
Abandoned to ourselves we sink
In wretchedness undone.
Yet in our cause, a Champion stands,
A Champion true, is He.
Whom God hath chosen for the fight,
Our Lord and chief to be:
Say, dost man ask His peerless name ?
Jesus our conquering King, we claim;
Lord of Sabaoth !—God alone,
And He must hold the field His arm of
might hath won.
What though the hosts of Satan stand
In gathering legions, through the land,
Prepared to raise the victor's cry

And whelm our souls in misery;
Yet fear we not the vaunting foe,
Our conquering band shall forward go.
Prince of this world! Thy hellish rage
Shall ne'er our stedfast zeal assuage:
Thy power is fixed by heaven's decree,
And here its ragings cease to be:
Thy boast is vain! a breath—a word
Subdues thee,—'tis the Spirit's sword.

The word of truth unhurt shall stand,
In spite of every foe;
The Lord himself is on our side,
And he will help bestow:
His spirit's might, His gifts of grace
Are with us at the needful place.

What though they take our lives away,
Our lives we offer for a prey;
Though wealth and weal and fortune go,
And wife and friend depart—
With all the tenderest ties that throw
Their magic round the heart;
And though the spoilers haste away,
And bear our treasures hence,
Since man is but a child of clay
And heir of impotence —
It boots them not, their boast is vain,
Their promised trophies fall;
Whilst to the Christian, loss is gain,
And heaven out-values all:
A glorious kingdom yet shall be
This heritage of bliss, to all eternity.

VIII.

JOHN ANDERSON.

1847.

OD to us a tower will be,
Shield, and sword, and armoury;
He will be our friend indeed,
He will help us in our need.

Now the old and wicked one
Thinks to see our cause undone,
Putting forth himself the while,
All his power, and all his guile;
Such the armor he puts on,
Earth to cope with him has none.

Vain our might—exerted most—
Soon indeed would all be lost—
But for us, and in the van,
Fighting, oh ! a mighty man—
God ! has sent him to our aid,
God on him our help has laid.

Leading on the desperate fight,
Who is this ? The Lord of might.
He is God—and none but He
Certain is of victory !

Though the world were full of devils,
Safe are we from all their evils;
Dreadful though their look appear,
Let them come—we know no fear;
Doom'd of God, and cursed they feel,
Their defeat a word can seal.

Mighty word ! with us remain,
 Satan's art shall prove in vain.
 He may take away our life,
 Riches, honour, child and wife—
 Let all these from us depart.
 What is left ? Our peace of heart.
 Wo ! for them the closing strife !
 Joy for us, and crown of life !
 Earth and hell combine in vain
 Our God's kingdom must remain.

IX.

J. K. BAGGER.

1850.



OUR God a fortress is most strong,
 He keeps us safe for ever;
 All those who unto him belong
 From danger he'll deliver.
 Our evil enemy
 Now rages seriously;
 Most dreadful is his might,
 He studies day and night,
 How he from God may draw us.
 Our strength, alas, is frail and slight,
 It never could defend us;
 But there is one will for us fight,
 Assistance kindly send us;
 His name is known to all.
 We Jesus Christ him call.
 The Lord of Sabaoth

There is no other God.
The field he surely keepeth.
And were the world with devils fill'd
That threaten'd to devour us,
No fear of them would make us yield,
Nor could they overpow'r us.
Fell Satan in his wrath
Endangers not our path;
In Scripture's book we find,
His doom by Christ was sign'd;
A Word of Christ alarms him.
The word our foes shall let remain
With out our thanks receiving;
The Saviour will our strength maintain,
None unprotected leaving.
And if depriv'd of life,
Goods, honour, children, wife,
Yet we will not complain,
The foe shall nothing gain;
For ours is, God, thy kingdom!

X.

ANON.

1850.

A safe stronghold our God is still,
Our shield and surest weapon;
He will deliver from the ill
That hath us now o'ertaken.
Our old deadly foe
Now aims his last blow;

Deep guile and strong power
He boasteth in this hour:
On earth is not his equal.

By strength of ours could naught be done,
The strife full soon were ended,
But for us fights the valiant One,
By God himself commended.
Ask you, "Who is He?"
Christ Jesus! There see
The Lord Sabbaoth,
Our God and Saviour both—
He conquers in this battle.

Though devils all the earth should fill,
Each watching to devour us,
We tremble not, we fear no ill,
They cannot overpow'r us.
The false prince of hell
May rage, rave and swell,
He harms not a hair,
We shall escape his snare,
Christ's lightest word shall stay him.

His word for ever shall abide,
Our foes can ne'er destroy it,
He standeth ever at our side,
And cheers us by his Spirit.
And take they our life,
Goods, fame, children, wife,
When their worst is done,
Yet have they nothing won—
We shall receive the kingdom.

XI.

J. H. BUCKOLL.

1850.

“@ Tower of strength our God doth stand.
A shield and sure defender;
True help from all our woes His hand
Through life doth freely render.
Our foe hath fixed his purpose fell;—
With might and craft he’s armed
full well;—
Naught earthly can resist him.”

“Full soon we’re lost, and vanquished
quite,
Our strength hath naught effected:
Yet HE for us maintains the fight,
Whom God Himself selected.
Ask ye His name? ’tis Christ our
Lord,
The God of Hosts alone adored,
Our champion,—none dare brave
Him.”

“Should hell’s whole legions round us
press,
All banded to devour us,
Yet this should work us good success,
Nor fear e’en then o’erpower us:
Though this world’s Prince look
fierce and bold,
It matters not, his doom is told,
A single word can foil him.”

"Our foes must let the Word stand sure,
 No thanks for this they're reaping;
 God's Spirit in His way secure,
 God's gracæ our soul is keeping:
 Those foes may spoil all earthly
 bliss;
 Let be! they'll win no gain from this;
 God's kingdom still is left us!"

XII.

A. T. RUSSELL.

1851.

A strong tower is our God's great name,
 A bulwark that availeth:
 He doth deliver us from shame
 Now evil us assaileth:
 The old cruel foe
 Thirsts us to o'erthrow:
 Great deceit, great might,
 Prepare him for the fight:
 On earth there is none like him.
 Soon are we lost: by our poor might.
 In vain the war's sustained:
 For us that Righteous One doth fight
 Whom God Himself ordained.
 Him shall we proclaim?
 Jesus Christ His name:
 He is God alone;
 Him Lord of Hosts we own:
 He on the field must triumph:

Though all the world with fiends abound,
Who would devour and rend us,
Dismay shall not our hearts confound:
Success shall yet attend us.
This world's prince may rage,
And to hurt engage:
Powerless yet is he:
He doth but heaven's decree:
A word can overwhelm him.

XIII.

F. H. HEDGE.

1852.

A mighty fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing;
Our helper He, amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing.
For still our ancient foe
Doth seek to work us woe;
His craft and power are great,
And armed with cruel hate,
On earth is not his equal.

Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing—
Were not the right Man on our side,
The man of God's own choosing.
Dost ask, who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is he;
His name Lord Sabaoth,
Our God and Saviour both,
He shall our souls deliver.

And though this world, with devils filled,
 Should threaten to undo us.
 We will not fear, for God hath willed
 His truth to triumph through us,
 The Prince of Darkness grim—
 We tremble not for him:
 His rage we can endure,
 For lo! his doom is sure,
 One little word shall fell him.

That word above all earthly powers—
 No thanks to them—abideth;
 The Spirit and the gift are ours.
 Through Him who with us sideth.
 Let goods and kindred go,
 This mortal life also;
 The body they may kill,
 God's truth abideth still,
 His kingdom is for ever.

 XIV.

WM. M. BUNTING.

1852.

A strong tower is the Lord our God,
 To shelter and defend us;
 Our shield His arm, our sword His rod,
 Against our foes befriend us :
 That ancient enemy,
 His gathering powers we see,
 His terrors and his toils;
 Yet victory, with its spoils,
 Not earth, but heaven, shall send us !

Though wrestling with the wrath of hell,
No might of man avails us :
Our captain is Immanuel,
And angel comrades hail us !
Still challenge ye His name ?
"Christ in the flesh who came"—
"The Lord, the Lord of hosts !"
Our cause His succor boasts,
And God shall never fail us !

Though earth by peopling fiends be trod,
Embattled all, yet bidden;
And though their proud usurping god
O'er thrones and shrines have stridden;
Nay, let them stand revealed,
And darken all the field:
We fear not: fall they must !
The Word, wherein we trust,
Their triumph had forbidden.

While mighty truth with us remains,
Hell's arts shall move us never;
Nor parting friendships, honors, gains,
Our love from Jesus sever:
They leave us, when they part
With Him, a peaceful heart;
And when from death we rise,
Death yields us, as He dies,
The crown of life forever.

XV.

JOHN HUNT.

1853.

@ mighty castle is our God,
 A good help in the evil day;
 A refuge sure—a firm abode
 For them that make of Him their stay.
 Again the old and wicked one,
 Against us puts his armour on;
 Great is his guile and great his might—
 'Tis dread the hellish fiend to fight;
 And we on earth shall seek in vain
 For one that can the victory gain.

But nothing on your strength avails,
 For we are sunk beneath sin's load;
 Yet there is one the fiend assails—
 One sent and chosen by our God.
 Who is this great and mighty one?
 It is the Father's only Son!
 He is the Lord of Sabaoth—
 He is the Lord of Sabaoth!
 There is no other God but He,
 And He must gain the victory.

What then though devils triumph here,
 And wish the saints of God to slay;
 Their hellish rage we do not fear,
 For God is our defence and stay.
 This world's dread prince no gain shall
 see—
 In safety shall God's people be,


However dread he may appear,
 The little flock need never fear;
 For God Himself shall judge the foe,
 And hurl him to eternal woe.

And let the word of God remain,
 Then nothing shall we have to fear;
 God with His strength shall us sustain,
 Whatever dangers may be near.
 Our foes may take our present life,
 Our goods and honours, child and wife;
 Yes! They may take them if they will,
 But we have things more precious still;
 Though they possess them, what their
 gains?
 A kingdom yet to us remains.

 XVI.

JOHN HUNT.

1853.


 UR God's a tower and shield;
 A strong and sure defence:
 To us our every foe shall yield—
 Our help's Omnipotence.
 The old and wicked one
 Again prepares to fight;
 He puts his guile and armour on,
 And dreadful is his might.

Our strength shall not avail,
 Beneath the weight of sin;
 But there is One that doth assail,

And shall the triumph win.
 Who is this mighty One
 That meets the foe so wroth?
 He is the Father's only Son—
 The Lord of Sabaoth.

What then though Satan rage,
 And devils would us slay,
 Our God shall all our storms assuage—
 Our sure defence and stay.
 The foe shall strive in vain—
 The flock may rest in peace;
 No victory shall he ever gain—
 No triumph shall be his.

But let the Word remain
 And nothing shall we fear;
 Omnipotence shall us sustain,
 Whatever may be near.
 Our foes may take our life,
 But what shall be their gains?
 Though they should take our child and
 wife.
 God's kingdom yet remains.

XVII.

R. MASSIE.

1854.

A castle is our God, a tower,
 A shield and trusty weapon;
 He saveth us by His strong power
 From all the ills that happen.

The old arch-fiend, I trow,
Is in good earnest now;
Great might and cunning are
His panoply of war;
On earth there is none like him.

Stood we alone in our own might,
Full sure were we of losing;
For us the one true Man doth fight,
The Man of God's own choosing.
Dost thou inquire his name?
Christ Jesus we proclaim,
The God who armies guides,
There is no God beside;
In every field He triumphs.

What tho' the world should swarm with
fiends

Eager to tear and rend us?
We will not fear, if God befriends,
Success shall yet attend us.
The prince who rules below
No harm can do us, though
He looks so fierce and grim,
For Christ hath judged him;
A little word can slay him.

Leave us they must Thy blessed Word,
For which no thanks they merit;
With us abideth still the Lord,
His gifts and Holy Spirit.
Take, if they will, our life,
Goods, honor, child, and wife;

We freely let them go;
 They profit not the foe;
 With us remains the kingdom.

 XVIII.

FRANCES ELIZ. COX.

1854.

A fortress firm and steadfast Rock
 Is God in time of danger;
 A Shield and Sword in every shock
 From foe well known or stranger.
 The old foe of man,
 Intent on his plan.
 With might and with craft
 Still plies each deadly shaft;
 His like earth saw not ever.

In our own might, so lost our plight,
 Our arm no conquest gaineth;
 That righteous Man must win the fight
 Whom God himself ordaineth.
 Thou askest his name?
 None else bears the same,—
 Christ Jesus the Lord,
 As God of hosts adored,
 'Tis He must win the battle.

And were the world a hungry crew
 Of devils all around us,
 Their leaguered host we could subdue,
 The thought need not confound us.
 The world's vanquished prince

His doom had long since;
 His fiercest array
 One word of faith can fray,
 In spite of threatening gesture.
 Unharm'd the Word shall yet remain:
 For this no thanks they merit;
 He aids us on our battle-plain
 With His good gifts and Spirit.
 Then take they our life,
 Wealth, fame, child, and wife;
 No triumph they gain,
 For all their boast is vain,
 While ours is still the kingdom.

XIX.

CATH. WINKWORTH.

1855.

GOD is our stronghold firm and sure,
 Our trusty shield and weapon;
 He shall deliver us, whate'er
 Of ill to us may happen.
 Our ancient enemy
 In earnest now is he;
 Much craft and great might
 Arm him for the fight;
 On earth is not his fellow.
 Our might is naught but weakness; soon
 Should we the battle lose,
 But for us fights the rightful Man,
 Whom God himself doth choose.
 Askest thou his name?

'Tis Jesus Christ, the same
 Whom Lord of hosts we call,
 God only over all;
 None from the field can drive Him.

What though the world were full of fiends,
 That would us sheer devour !
 We know we yet shall win the day,
 We fear not all their power.
 The prince of this world still
 May struggle as he will;
 He nothing can prevail,
 A word shall make him quail,
 For he is judged of Heaven.

The word of God they shall not touch,
 Yet have no thanks therefor;
 God by His Spirit and His gifts
 Is with us in the war.
 Then let them take our life,
 Goods, honor, children, wife.
 Though naught of these we save,
 Small profit shall they have,—
 The kingdom ours abideth.

XX.

W. L. ALEXANDER.

1855.

a fortress firm is God our Lord,
 A sure defence and weapon;
 Prompt help in need he doth afford
 Let happen what may happen.

Our ancient wicked foe
Full of wrath doth go,
With much craft and might
In horrid armor dight:
On earth is not his fellow.

Of our own might we nothing can,
We lie forlorn, dejected,
There fights for us the rightful Man,
By God himself elected.

Dost thou inquire his name?
Jesus Christ? The same!
Lord of hosts is He;
Besides Him none can be:
'Tis He the field that keepeth.

And were this world of devils full,
For our destruction eager,
That should not our firm faith annul;
We would abide their leaguer.
The prince of this lost world,
From his empire hurled,
Though with rage he roar,
Is judged, and can no more;
A word shall overthrow him.

Hold fast that word which must remain,
Let no dark doubt invade us;
He will be with us on the plain,
With gifts and grace to aid us.
Let life and honor fall,
Let them take our all,
Still our course we'll keep,
No prize from us they'll reap;
For us the kingdom waiteth.

XXI.

H. W. DULCKEN.

1856.

OUR God, a tower of strength is He,
A good defence and weapon;
From every care He helps us free
That unto us doth happen.
The old evil foe
With rage now doth glow;
Much cunning, and great power
His fearful armor are—
On earth there is none like him.

With our own might is nothing done;
We soon are lost and fallen;
There fights for us the righteous Man,
Whom God himself hath callen.
Dost ask who He is ?
Christ Jesus, I wis;
The Lord Sabaoth,—
There is no other God,—
And He must be triumphant.

Though the world full of devils were,
All ready to devour us,
Still have we not such grievous fear,—
The victory is for us,
The prince of this earth
May scowl in his wrath;
But powerless must be,
For judged is he;
A word can overcome him.

His written Word shall they let stand,
 And little thanks inherit;
 He fighteth for us in the land
 With his good gifts and Spirit.
 And, take they the life,
 Goods, fame, child, and wife,
 Let all pass away,—
 Small profit have they,—
 The kingdom yet awaits us.

XXII.

ANONYM.

1857.

A fast, firm fortress is our God,
 A right good ward and weapon;
 He helps when troubles are abroad,
 Now when distresses happen.
 The ancient hellish foe
 Plots our overthrow;
 Armed with cruel spite,
 Much cunning and great might,
 On earth there's not his fellow.
 By our own might there is nothing done,
 We'd very soon surrender;
 He fights for us, God's chosen One,
 Our Champion and Defender.
 Ask you, who's the same?
 Christ Jesus is his name;
 The Lord of Sabaoth,
 Who God and Man is both,
 The field must needs be holden.

Though hosts of devils earth should fill,
 All eager to devour us,
 We need not fear, we'll triumph still,
 So his right arm empower us.
 Armed are we not, since
 Judged is the world's Prince,
 Looks he sour and grim,
 We quail not, fear not him—
 One word can hurl him headlong.

The word of God they shall let stand,
 And no thanks have they for it;
 His Spirit's presence He'll command
 On such as shall implore it.
 Take then from us life,
 Goods, fame, child and wife,
 Let them—when it's done,
 They will have nothing won !
 God's kingdom still remaineth.

 XXIII.

JAS. STEVEN STALLYBRASS.

1857.

@ sure stronghold our God is still,
 A trusty shield and weapon;
 He'll help us clear from all the ill
 That e'r to us can happen;
 That ancient spiteful foe
 Means us deadly woe;
 He wears at this hour
 Strong mail of craft and pow'r,
 On earth is not his fellow.

By our own force is nothing done,
Our cause we'd soon be losing;
There fights for us a mighty One,
The Man of God's own choosing.
Ask ye who is that same?
Jesus Christ, His name,
The great, the one Lord,
By all heaven's host adored;
'Tis He shall win the battle.

And were the world all devils o'er,
And watching to devour us,
We lay it not to heart so sore,
Not they can overpow'r us;
Their Prince may look as grim
As he will,—from him
Shall never harm come,
Long since was seal'd his doom;
A word can overthrow him.

The Word, they still must let it stand,
Yet reap no praise nor merit;
He in our battle bears a hand,
By His good gift and spirit;
So let them take our life,
Fame, goods, child and wife,
Tho' those be all gone,
Yet nothing have they won;
To us remains the kingdom.

XXIV.

R. P. DUNN.

1859.

A stronghold firm, a trusty shield,
When raging foes appal us.
Our God defence and help doth yield,
When heavy ills befall us.
With ancient bitter hate,
Such might and cunning great,
As guides no earthly arm,
Plotting us deadly harm,
Our foe attempts to intral us.
Our human strength avails us naught,
Our struggles soon were ended,
And we in hellish snares were caught,
Unless by God befriended.
Know ye our Champion's name?
All heaven tells his fame,
"Jesus, the Lord of hosts."
His might our weakness boasts;
By Him are we defended.
What though in every path of life
A host of fiends endeavor
To wound us in the deadly strife?
Their arts shall triumph never.
The author of all ill
May threaten as he will;
His throne and empire proud,
But for a time allowed,
A word shall end forever.

God's testimony standeth sure,
Whatever man betideth,
He makes the weakest saint endure,
Who in His grace confideth.
Though the best gifts of life
Our foes seize in the strife,
We cheerful let them go;
No profit have they so,
For heaven ours abideth.

XXV.

W. R. WITTINGHAM.

1860.

A mountain fastness is our God,
On which our souls are planted;
And though the fierce foe rage abroad
Our hearts are nothing daunted.
What though he beset
With weapon and net,
Arrayed in death-strife?
In God are help and life.
He is our sword and armor.
By our own might we naught can do;
To trust it were sure losing;
For us must fight the right and true,
The man of God's own choosing.
Dost ask for his name?
Christ Jesus we claim;
The Lord God of hosts;
The only God;—vain boasts
Of others fall before Him.

What though the troops of Satan filled
 The world with hostile forces ?
 E'en then our fears should all be stilled :
 In God are our resources.
 The world and its king
 No terrors can bring;
 Their threats are no worth;
 Their doom is now gone forth;
 A single word can quell them.

God's word through all shall have free sway
 And ask no man's permission;
 The Spirit and his gifts convey
 Strength to defy perdition.
 The body to kill,
 Wife, children, at will,
 The wicked have power,
 Yet lasts it but an hour !
 The kingdom's ours forever !

XXVII.

ANONYM.

1860.

GOD, *our own God*, is a strong tower,
 A present help in time of need,
 Our hiding-place, our shield, our power,
 Our hope and trust, a friend indeed.
 Behold the enemy,
 O how enraged is he !
 Much cunning and great might
 Most dreadful make his spite;
 On earth his equal is not found.

Man's boasted strength is weakness here,
Our reason's powers contend in vain;
But ONE to save us shall appear,
By whom the victory we gain.
And dost thou ask his name?
'Tis Jesus Christ—the same
Known Lord of hosts to be;
There is no God but He,
And by his blood we overcome.

Yea, if the world with devils swarm'd,
In fiery ranks and fierce array,
We fear them not; by faith we're arm'd,
With Christ we're sure to win the day.
Thus Satan we defy,
Nor dread his tyranny;
The great accuser's cast,
His tempting power is past;
And all God's saints shall shout for joy.

Foes cannot shake the word of truth,
No thanks to them—'tis left unmoved.
Our Captain has the day of youth,
And gives his Spirit, blest and lov'd.
Doth man bereave of life—
Of goods, fame, child, and wife?
Nought—less than nought—he gains,
Our Father's word remains,
The kingdom is our heritage.

XXVII.

GEORGE WALKER.

1860.

a sure defence, a fort, a tow'r,
 Is God to us in time of need :
 From foes, by his almighty pow'r,
 Whoe'er th' assailants be, we're freed.
 Now Satan, ancient foe,
 Intends our overthrow :
 Deceit, and force, and lies,
 Are th' arts which still he plies :
 Nor prowls his equal here below.

Confide in flesh we never can;
 Among us perturbation reigns.
 But for us fights the righteous man
 Whom God to save his folk ordains.
 "And who is this ?" Ye cry.
 'Tis Christ ! he reigns on high,—
 The same with God in name,
 In glory, power, and fame :
 And foes must all before him fly.

Our feinds though full the world may be,
 And strive to overwhelm our souls,
 We fearless brave them all; for he
 In our behalf their wrath controls.
 Let Satan 'gainst us fume,
 And horrid forms assume,—
 'Tis nought; he's overthrown :
 From heaven's eternal throne
 A voice shall all his host consume.

Through Christ to earth does mercy flow,
 But they to Christ no homage yield :
 With us his word and Spirit go
 To aid us in the battle-field,
 And let them take our life,
 Estate, or child, or wife,—
 There's nought in all their gain,
 For conquerors we remain.
 When terminates the day of strife.

 XXVIII.

J. A. SEISS.

1861.

@ Mighty Bulwark is our God,
 A sure Defence and Weapon;
 He helps us free through trouble's flood
 That hath us now o'ertaken.
 The old malign foe:
 Now means us fell woe:
 Armed with craft and might,
 He's set for dreadful fight.
 The earth hath not his equal.
 By strength of ours we nought can do,
 Our fall were soon effected;
 But for us fights the Champion True,
 Whom God himself elected.
 Ask ye who it be ?
 Jesus Christ is He;
 Hosts obey his nod;
 And there's no other God.
 Sure He must be the Victor.

Though Satan's hosts the earth should fill,
 All eager to devour us;
 We're not dismayed with fears of ill,
 They cannot overpower us.
 This world's prince may still
 Scowl fierce as he will;
 Us no harm is done:
 He's judged, the victory's won;
 A little word can fell them.
 God's Word unshaken shall remain,
 Nor they the thanks shall merit;
 He's with us on the battle-plain
 With his good gifts and Spirit
 Take they freedom, life,
 Goods, fame, child and wife,
 When their worst is done,
 They have but little won.
 The kingdom ours abideth.

XXIX.

W. M. REYNOLDS.

1863.

a safe stronghold our God is still,
 A sure defence and weapon;
 He will deliver from all ill
 That unto us can happen.
 Our old and bitter foe
 Is fain to work us woe;
 In strength and cunning, he
 Is arm'd full fearfully;
 On earth is not his equal.

By strength of ours we naught can do,
The strife full soon were ended;
But for us fights the Champion true,
By God himself commended.
And dost thou ask his name?
'Tis Jesus Christ! The same
Whom Lord of hosts we call,
God Bless'd over all—
He'll hold the field triumphant.

Tho' Satan's hosts the earth should fill,
All watching to devour us,
We tremble not, we fear no ill,
They cannot overpower us.
This world's false prince may still
Scowl fiercely as he will,
His threat'nings are but vain,
We shall unharmed remain;
A word shall overthrow him.

God's word unshaken shall remain,
Whatever foes invade us;
Christ standeth on the battle-plain,
With his own strength to aid us.
What tho' they take our life,
Our goods, fame, children, wife?
E'en when their worst is done
They have but little won,—
The kingdom ours abideth.

XXX.

H. HARBOUGH.

1863.

& GOD is our tower of strength and grace,
With shield and sword He arms us;
He gives us help in every place,
No present danger harms us.
The old fearful foe,
Would fain bring us low;
His malice and mail,
Make firmest courage quail,
On earth there is none fiercer.

By our own power we fail to stand,
But from the field are driven;
Yet for us wars the proper Man,
Whom God in love hath given.
He, the Holy One,
Jesus Christ the Son;
God of hosts is He,
Which was, is, and to be—
He wins for us the battle.

Did swarming devils fill the world,
All bent on our destruction;
We could not from our faith be hurled,
Nor drawn by their seduction.
This world's prince may stand
With grim terror grand;
We fear not his rod,
For he is judged of God—
A word can overwhelm him.

God's Word shall stand for all their rage:
No thanks to them, nor merit;
God acts with us upon this stage
By His own grace and Spirit.
Though they take our life,
Goods, fame, child and wife,
All shall freely go—
We seek no gain below:
God's kingdom stands forever.

XXXI.

B. H. KENNEDY.

1863.

A tower of strength our God doth stand,
A buckler to defend us;
In all the woes of life His hand
True help is nigh to lend us.
Our foe prepares him for the fight,
With cunning armed and hellish might;
On earth is not his fellow.
With force of arms we nothing can,
Full soon were we o'erridden;
But for us fights the goodly Man
Whom God himself hath bidden.
Ask ye his name? 'Tis Christ our Lord,
The God of hosts alone adored,
Our Champion: none may brave Him.

Should hell's battalions round us press,
 All banded to devour us,
 Yet this should work us good success,
 Nor fear e'en then o'erpower us:
 Though this world's prince look fierce
 and bold.
 It matters not, his doom is told,
 A single breath can foil him.

Our foes must let the Word stand sure;
 No thanks for this are owing:
 God's Spirit makes our way secure,
 His light and strength bestowing.
 Those foes may ravish earthly bliss;
 Let be, no gain they reap from this:
 God's kingdom still is left us.

 XXXII.

EDW. V. KENEALY.

1864.

THE Lord is our good Tower of strength,
 Our Shield and Sword of Terror
 And He will free our souls at length
 From evil, and crime, and terror;
 The old accursed Fiend
 With might and knavery screened,
 Hell's armor dark and strong,
 Hath risen to work us wrong;
 On earth he hath no rival.

With arms of flesh we nought avail,
Our ranks were soon disbanded,
But the right Man doth Hell assail,
As God himself commanded.

Ask ye, Who can he be?
Jesus the Christ is he—
God of Sabaoth's son,
By him the fight is won;
He on our side shall battle.

And though the world with devils were thick,
Watchful and soul-devouring.

Ne'er shall our hearts grow faint or sick,
O'er all their wiles still towering,
The Fiend as pleaseth him
May angry look and grin,
Our souls he cannot slay,
His power hath passed away;
One little word shall smite him.

That Word, in spite of fraud or force,
Shall stand alone, immortal,
Still ampling in its heavenly course
Hell and its gloomy portal.

Slaughtered—disgraced—reviled,
Reft of goods, wife and child,
So be it—let them go,
Small is the loss I trow—
God's mansion is eternal.

XXXIII.

JOS. A. SEISS.

1865.

A mighty fortress is our God,
A shield and sword unfailing;
He freely helps through all the flood
Of trouble now assailing.
The old foe, unspent,
On what wrath intent!
Dreadful craft and power
He wieldeth at this hour;
Earth nowhere has his equal,
Did we in our own strength confide,
Nought 'gainst him were effected.
But the true Champion's on our side,
By God himself elected.
Asketh thou His Name?
Jesus Christ's the same;
Of all hosts the Lord,
Nor less than God adored.
Sure He the field secureth.
And should the world with devil's teem,
To glut their fury on us;
Nor hopeless yet our cause we'd deem,
The victory still must crown us.
Let the lord of hell,
Scowl with malice fell;
Us no ill is wrought;
For now to judgment brought,
One word can overwhelm him.

The truth shall stand, nor ever yield;
 Nor thanks to enemies for it;
 'Tis Christ upholds us on his field,
 With His good gifts and Spirit.
 Freedom they may take;
 Earthly joys unmake;
 But when all is done,
 They still have nothing won,
 Whilst for us waits the kingdom.

XXXIV.

JOS. A. SEISS.

1867.


A mighty fortress is our God,
 A sure defence and weapon;
 He helps us free from every need
 Which hath us now o'ertaken.
 The old deadly foe,
 Plots us fatal woe;
 Strong in wiles and might,
 He's armed for dreadful fight;
 On earth is not his equal.
 The most that strength of ours can do,
 From hell could ne'er deliver;
 But for us fights the Hero true,
 God's own elect for ever.
 Ask'st thou who it be?
 Jesus Christ is He;
 Hosts obey His rod,
 And there's none other God.
 Sure He must be the Victor.

And should hell's legions fill the world,
 And like beasts assail us;
 Afar shall every fear be hurled,
 The triumph cannot fail us.
 This world's chieftain may
 Frown in dread array,
 Us no ill is done,
 He's judged, the victory's won,
 The smallest word can stay him.
 God's Word shall stand, this they must
 yield,
 Nor thanks therefor shall merit;
 'Tis Christ upholds us on the field
 With His good gifts and spirit.
 Take they freedom, life,
 Goods, fame, child and wife,
 Come the loss, the pain!
 It brings to them no gain,
 Whilst we still have the kingdom.

XXXV.

N. L. FROTHINGHAM.

1867.

UR God, he is a fortress-tower
 And armor to defend us;
 In all the press of hostile power
 Deliverance He will send us.
 The old and wily foe
 Is bent to work us woe;
 With might and many wiles
 He smites and he beguiles;
 On earth there's not his fellow.

With our own strength we nothing can,
We soon sink down dejected;
There battles for us the right Man,
Whom God himself elected.

Ask who this can be?
Jesus Christ is he;
Lord Sabaoth his name,
Which God alone can claim;
He holds the field forever.

Though earth all full of devils were,
All ramping to devour us,
We would not fear for their mad stir :
They could not overpower us.
The prince of this world,
Grimmest signs unfurled,
No harm now us can do;
He's judged, with all his crew :
One little word can fell him.

No thanks to them who do their worst,
The Word can ne'er go under;
Christ comes against their spite accurst,
With gift and sign and wonder.
Strip they may of life,
Goods, name, child, and wife;
Let them plot and strain !
They can achieve no gain;
God's kingdom must stand for us.

XXXVI.

C. P. KRAUTH.

1867.

A fast-set bulwark is our God,
A goodly ward and weapon;
He helps us free out of all need
That hath us now o'ertaken.
The old foeman still,
Works with earnest will,
Great might and strong lure,
Is his dread armature,
On earth is not his equal.

With might of ours we naught can do
Soon were our loss effected;
He fights for us, the Hero true,
Whom God himself elected.
Ask ye, Who is this?
Jesus Christ it is,
Of Sabaoth Lord,
And there's none other God,
The field must he hold ever.

And though the devils earth should fill,
All eager to devour us,
Yet fear we not so much their ill,
They cannot overpow'r us.
This world's ruler yet
Fierce, himself may set,
He can harm us none;
He's judged, the deed is done,
One little word o'erthrows him.

The Word they still shall let remain,
 And not a thank have for it,
 He's by our side upon the plain,
 With gifts and with his Spirit.
 Take they then our life,
 Goods, fame, child, and wife;
 Let all these be gone,
 They yet have nothing won,
 The kingdom ours remaineth.

 XXXVII.

A. T. GEISSENHAINER.

1867.

A mighty Fortress is our God,
 A sure defence and weapon;
 He helps us out of every need
 Which hath us now o'ertaken.
 The old deadly foe
 Plots our ruin now,
 Deep wiles and great might
 Arm him for dreadful fight;
 On earth is not his equal.
 With strength of ours we nought can do,
 Full soon we all should perish;
 But for us fights the Hero true,
 Whom God did choose and cherish.
 Do you ask his name?
 Jesus Christ, the same
 Who is Lord of hosts,
 No other God we boast,
 He holds the field forever.

And were the world with devils filled,
 And should they all assail us,
 To tremb'ling fear we will not yield,
 The victory cannot fail us.

This world's Prince, though he
 Frown so fearfully,
 Cannot harm us aught,
 Because to judgment brought,
 The smallest word can fell him.

God's Word they surely shall let stand,
 And no thanks to them for it,
 He helps us with his mighty hand,
 And with his gifts and Spirit.
 Though they take our life,
 Goods, fame, child and wife,
 Let all these things go,
 They have no gain to show,
 Still we possess the kingdom.

XXXVIII.

H. ALFORD.

1867.


A tower of strength is God our Lord,
 A sure defence and trusty guard
 His help as yet in every need
 From danger hath our spirit freed:
 Our ancient foe in rage
 May all his spite display
 May ever against us wage,
 And arm him for the fray,
 He that can keep all earth at bay.

Weak is our unassisted power,
 Defeated soon in peril's hour:
 But on our side, and for the right,
 The man of God's own choice doth fight;
 Jesus, the Christ, whose Name
 Exalted is on high,
 The Lord of Hosts, the same
 That reigneth in the sky,
 He giveth us the victory.

XXXIX.

GEO. MACDONALD.

1867.

 UR God he is a castle strong,
 A Good mail—coat and weapon;
 He set us free from every wrong
 That wickedness would heap on.
 The ancient wicked foe
 He means earnest now;
 Force and cunning sly
 His horrid policy;—
 On earth there's nothing like him.
 'Tis all in vain, do what we can,
 Our strength is soon dejected.
 But he fights for us, the right Man,
 By God himself elected.
 Ask'st thou who is this?
 Jesus Christ it is,
 Lord of Hosts alone;
 And God but him is none,
 So he must win the battle.

And did the world with devils swarm,
 All gaping to devour us,
 We fear not so the smallest harm,
 Success is yet before us.
 This world's ruler curst,
 Let him rage his worst,
 Hurtless roams about;
 His doom it is gone out,
 A word can overthrow him.
 The word they shall allow to stand,
 Nor any thanks have for it;
 His spirit is at our right hand,
 To front the tyrant horrid.
 Let them take our life,
 Wealth, name, child, and wife—
 Everything may go.
 They are no better so;
 To us the crown remaineth.

 XL.

JOHN KERR

1868.

GOD is our Refuge and our Rock,
 A strength and shield unfailing :
 He guards us safe from ev'ry shock
 Of men or fiends assailing.
 Our crafty, spiteful foe
 Thrusts many a deadly blow,
 Deep skill and great might
 Equip him for the fight;
 On earth he stands unequalled.

No strength of ours can help provide,
Our ranks are backward driven :
The right Man combats on our side,
Whom God to us hath given !
If thou would'st know His name,
Christ Jesus, we proclaim;
By heavenly hosts adored,
The only God and Lord—
The field He keeps forever.

Were earth with devils thick arrayed,
And gaping to devour us,
We feel withal, not sore afraid,
They cannot overpower us :
The prince of hosts of hell,
With purpose fierce and fell,
Against us hath no power,
God's doom hath fixed his hour
A little word can quell him.

God's word we shall not, cannot yield,
No truce to foes we offer;
God is beside us on the field,
With gifts and grace in proffer :
Take if they will, our life,
Name, substance, child, and wife,
We let them boast their gain;
The best we still retain—
God's kingdom is our portion.

XLI.

THOS. C. PORTER.

1868.


A safe stronghold our God is still,
A trusty shield and weapon;
He helps us free from all the ill
That us hath overtaken;
Our old mortal Foe
Now aims his fell blow,
Great might and deep guile
His dreadful coat-of-mail—
On earth there's no one like him.
By our own strength can naught be done;
Full soon the strife were ended;
But for us fights the valiant One
Whom God himself commended.
Ask ye, "Who is this?"
Jesus Christ! He is
Lord of Sabaoth;
True God and Saviour both,
And must in battle conquer.
If devils all the world should fill,
Each watching to devour us,
Our steadfast heart will fear no ill,
Lest they should overpower us,
The grim Prince of Hell
With fierce rage may swell
Nor harm us one whit,
Because his doom is writ:
A little world can slay him.

The Word forever shall abide
 In spite of all their striving;
 He standeth ever at our side.
 His grace and Spirit giving.
 Let them take our life,
 Goods, fame, child and wife.
 Though all this be done,
 Yet they have nothing won—
 Our kingdom still remaineth.

XLII.

R. C. SINGLETON.

1868.

 UR God stands firm, a rock and tow'r,
 A shield when danger presses;
 A ready help in every hour,
 When doubt or pain distresses !
 For our malignant Foe
 Unswerving aims his blow;
 His fearful arms the while,
 Dark pow'r and darker guile:
 His hidden craft is matchless.
 Our strength is weakness in the fight;
 Our courage soon defection:
 But comes a Warrior, clad in might,
 A Prince of God's election !
 Who is this wondrous Chief,
 That brings this glad relief ?
 The field of battle boasts
 Christ Jesus Lord of Hosts,
 Still conq'ring and to conquer !

XLIII.

JOHN GUTHRIE.

1869.

A mighty fortress is our God,
 A panoply unfailing,
 'Gainst ills that tumult like a flood,
 Us to this hour assailing.
 The old malignant foe
 Plots our overthrow
 Dreadful craft and power
 Begird him hour by hour—
 On earth is not his equal.

Nought can by our own might be done,
 Soon must we sink dejected ;
 There fights for us the trusty One
 By God himself selected
 Ask ye of His fame ?
 Jesus is His Name
 Lord of Hosts alone,
 And other God there's none
 The field He yieldeth never.

Though earth with devils swarming were,
 All ravening to devour us,
 Even then our faith shall quell our fear
 And nought shall overpower us.
 By thine arrows hurled
 Prince of this dark world;
 Canst thou work our woe
 Thou doomed and conquered foe ?
 A little word can crush thee.

They spare the word they dare not face.
No thanks to them we render;
Christ with His Spirit and His grace
Stands by as our defender.
Let them take our livse,
Substance, children, wives,
When they've borne the spoil,
Nought gain they for their toil:
The kingdom still remaineth.

XLIV.

C. WINKWORTH.

1869.

A sure stronghold our God is He,
A trusty shield and weapon;
Our help He'll be, and set us free,
Whatever ill may happen.
That old malicious foe
Intends us deadly woe;
Armed with the strength of hell,
And deepest craft as well,
On earth is not his fellow.
Through our own force we nothing can,
Straight were we lost forever;
But for us fights the proper Man,
By God sent to deliver.
Ask ye who this may be?
Christ Jesus named is He,
Of Sabaoth the Lord,
Sole God to be adored;
'Tis He must win the battle.

And were the world with devils filled,
 All eager to devour us,
 Our souls to fear should little yield,
 They cannot overpower us.
 Their dreaded prince no more
 Can harm us as of yore;
 Look grim as e'er he may,
 Doomed is his ancient sway;
 A word can overthrow him.

Still shall they leave that Word its might,
 And yet no thanks shall merit;
 Still is He with us in the fight
 By His good gifts and Spirit.
 E'en should they take our life,
 Goods, honor, children, wife,
 Though all of these were gone,
 Yet nothing have they won,—
 God's kingdom ours abideth.

 XLV.

Wm. SUGDEN,

1869.

THE Lord our God is a strong tower;
 A bulwark that availeth;
 A present help in danger's hour,
 When trouble us assaileth.
 Our old malignant foe
 Fain would us overthrow;
 With cunning and great might
 Arm'd dreadful for the fight,
 On earth none like him dwelleth.

Nought can we do by our own might;
Our fall with ease effected;
For us that Righteous One doth fight,
Whom God Himself elected;
Who asks our Saviour's name?
Jesus we proclaim:
Lord of Sabaoth, we
Own Him alone to be;
In need by Him protected.

Though fill'd with fiends, the world appear
Our ruin who endeavour,
Yet will we not give place to fear,
For we shall triumph ever:
Though fierce among our foes,
This world's prince oppose,
Us can he not devour;
One word can quell his power,
And he shall harm us never.

The word of God shall never yield;
It all hell's might disdaineth;
God fights on our side in the field;
His Spirit in us reigneth;
What though men take our life,
Goods, fame, child, or wife!
We freely let them go;
They can no victory show;
A crown for us remaineth.

XLVI.

ANON.

1872.

A mighty fortress is our God,
A trusty shield and weapon;
He helps us free from every need
That hath us now o'ertaken.
The old bitter foe
Means us deadly woe:
Deep guile and great might
Are his dread arms in fight;
On earth is not his equal.

With might of ours can naught be done,
Soon were our loss effected;
But for us fights the Valiant One
Whom God himself elected.
Ask ye, who is this?
Jesus Christ it is,
Of Sabaoth Lord,
And there's none other God,
He holds the field forever


Though devils all the world should fill,
All watching to devour us,
We tremble not, we fear no ill,
They cannot overpower us.
This world's prince may still
Scowl fierce as he will,
He can harm us none,
He's judged, the deed is done,
One little word o'erthrows him.

The Word they still shall let remain,
 And not a thank have for it;
 He's by our side upon the plain,
 With His good gifts and Spirit.
 Take they then our life,
 Goods, fame, child, and wife;
 When their worst is done,
 They yet have nothing won,
 The kingdom ours remaineth.

XLVII.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

1872.

 UR God, a Tower of strength is He,
 A goodly wall and weapon;
 From all our need He helps us free,
 That now to us doth happen.
 The old evil foe
 Doth in earnest grow,
 In grim armor d'light,
 Much guile and great might;
 On earth there is none like him.
 Of our own might we nothing can;
 We soon are unprotected;
 There fighteth for us the right Man,
 Whom God Himself elected.
 Who is he; ye exclaim?
 Christus is His name,
 Lord of Sabaoth,
 Very God in troth;
 The field he holds forever.

This world may full of devils be,
 All ready to devour us;
 Yet not so sore afraid are we,
 They shall not overpow'r us.
 This world's prince, howe'er
 Fierce he may appear,
 He can harm us not,
 He is doomed, God wot!
 One little word can slay him!
 The Word they shall perforce let stand,
 And little thanks they merit!
 For He is with us in the land,
 With gifts of His own Spirit!
 Though they take our life
 Goods, honors, child and wife,
 Let these pass away,
 Little gain have they
 The Kingdom still remaineth!

XLVIII.

Wm. REID.

1872.

& GOD is our fortress, firm and sure,
 A strong defence and weapon;
 With His good help we are secure,
 Whatever ills may happen.
 The old and wicked foe
 Hath risen in earnest now,
 Great might and cunning are
 His armour for the war—
 On earth there's none to match him.

No strength of ours his power may brave;
To try it is perdition;
But we a right good Leader have
Who holds from God commission.
Ask ye who is his name?
Christ Jesus is the same,
The Capatin of God's host
No other Lord we boast.
And He is sure to conquer.

Though the wide world with devils swarm'd,
All ready to devour us,
We need not be so much alarm'd,
They cannot overpower us.
The prince of earth and hell,
Though he look grim and fell,
Can harm us not a jot;
Destruction is his lot,
God's weakest word may crush him.

The word shall stand in their despite
And bid its foes defiance,
We look to God, and on His might
And Spirit place reliance.
Though they may take our life,
Goods, honor, child and wife,
Why, ever let them go,
Small gain have they to show,
But our's is still the kingdom.

XLIX.

ANON.

1872.

A tower of strength our God is still,
A shield and armor round us;
He'll help us free from every ill
That threatens to confound us.
The old arch fiend, I trow,
Is in good earnest now,
Arm'd with exceeding might,
With craft and cruel spite;
On earth he has no equal.

Stood we alone, in our own might,
We should be sure of losing;
But the right Man for us doth fight,
The man of God's own choosing.
Who may this champion be?
Christ Jesus call'd is He,
Of warrior hosts the Lord,
Sole God to be ador'd;
He cannot fail to conquer.

Although the world with devils swarm'd,
All with a mind to rend us,
Not therefore would we be alarm'd,
For victory must attend us.
The prince of this world's wrath
No power to hurt us hath,
Although he look so grim;
For Christ hath sentenced him.
A single word can rush him.

Still must they let His word remain,
For which no thanks they merit,
For God is near us to sustain
By this good gift and Spirit.
What though they take our life,
Goods, honor, children, wife?
We freely let them go;
They profit not the foe:
The kingdom ours remaineth.

L.

S. W. DUFFIELD.

1873.

a firm defence our God is still
A trusty guard and weapon;
He bears us free from every ill
Which unto us can happen,
That old devilish foe
Strives us to overthrow;
Great might and cunning art
Arm him in every part.
On earth no one can match him.
By our own might is nothing done,
We are too soon forsaken;
Yet fights for us that Righteous one,
Whom God Himself has taken.
Who is this, do you say?
Christ is His name alway,
The Lord of Sabaoth;
No other God is sooth
Than He shall win the battle.

And were the world with dévils filled
 All waiting to devour us,
 We fear not what the fiend was willed,
 He shall not overpower us;
 This prince of wickedness
 May scowl no whit the less;
 But he can injure none,
 His might is overthrown;
 One little word defeats him.

And they shall let that Word abide—
 No thanks to them for favor;
 He stands forever on our side,
 With strength and saintly savor.
 Let them deny us life,
 Goods, honor, child, and wife
 Let them take all away,
 They have not won the day;
 God's kingdom shall not perish.

LI.

ED. THRING

1874.

A fortress strong is God our God,
 A sword and shield around us,
 His help us frees from all our woe,
 What ill soe'er has found us;
 The old arch-traitor still,
 Bent to work his will.
 Might and craft hath girt.
 Dread armour to our hurt;
 There's none on earth can match him.

Our might is naught, we naught have done,
All lost, of strength forsaken,
For us God's own incarnate Son,
True man, the field hath taken.
And dost thou ask who come?
Christ Jesus His name;
Lord of Hosts, yea see,
None else is God but He,
He holds the field for ever.

Though full of devils were the world,
Hell ready us to swallow,
We will not be so sore afraid,
For sure, good end will follow;
And though this world's prince set
Himself grimly, yet
Naught he can do now,
For he is judged, I trow,
One little word can quell him.

The word of God they must let stand
Perforce, 'tis not their merit,
Lo, He is ever at our hand,
With all His gifts and spirit.
What, and though they take life,
Honour, wealth, child, wife,
Let go, let them go!
No triumph do they know;
For us stands fast the kingdom.

LII.

J. SWARTZ.

1879.

a mighty fortress is our God,
 A sure defense and weapon;
 He helps us freely from the need
 Which hath us now o'ertaken.
 The old, angry foe
 With wrath doth now glow;
 Great might and deep art
 Their fearful force impart—
 On earth is not his equal.

In our own strength can naught be done;
 Our loss were soon effected;
 There strives for us the proper One
 By God himself selected.
 Ask you who frees us?
 It is Christ Jesus.
 The Lord Sabaoth;
 And there's none other God—
 He'll hold the field of battle.

And were the world with devils filled,
 And would they quite devour us;
 We'll still succeed; so God hath willed,
 They cannot overpower us :
 The prince of this world
 To hell shall be hurled;
 He seeks to alarm,
 But can do us no harm—
 The smallest word can fell him.

The Word they still must let remain
 And for that have no merit;
 He's with us well upon the plain,
 With His own gifts and Spirit,
 Destroy they our life,
 Goods, fame, child and wife?
 Still their rage is vain,
 They shall no victory gain;
 For ours is still the kingdom.

LIII.

J. SWARTZ

1879

A mighty fortress is our God
 A sure defense and weapon;
 He freely helps us in the need
 Which hath us now o'ertaken :
 Our old angry foe
 With zeal now doth glow;
 Great might and deep art
 In flame his furious heart,—
 On earth is not his equal.

In our own strength can naught be done,—
 Defeat must be expected;
 There fights for us the proper One
 By God himself selected :
 Ask you who frees us ?
 It is Christ Jesus,
 The Lord Sabaoth;
 There is no other God,—
 He'll hold the field of battle.

And were the world with devils filled,
 Intently set to slay us;
 It still must be as God hath willed,
 No terror shall dismay us :
 The Prince of this world
 To hell shall be hurled;
 He seeks to alarm,
 But can inflict no harm,—
 The smallest text can fells him.

The Word, unchanged, they must leave
 stand

And for that have no merit;
 God graciously for us hath planned,
 And given us his Spirit :
 Destroy they our life,
 Honor, child, and wife;
 Still, their rage is vain,
 They shall no victory gain,
 For ours is still the kingdom.

LIV.

J. SWARTZ.

1879.

A mighty stronghold is our God,
 A sure defense and weapon;
 He helps us free from every need
 Which hath us now o'ertaken.
 The old angry foe
 Now means us deadly woe;
 Deep guile and great might
 Are his dread arms in fight,
 On earth is not his equal.

In our own strength can nought be done,
Our loss were soon affected;
There fights for us the Proper One,
By God himself selected.

Ask you who frees us?
It is Christ Jesus—
The Lord Sabaoth,
There is no other God;
He'll hold the field of battle.


And were the world with devils filled,
And waiting to devour us;
We'll still succeed, so God hath willed,
They cannot overpower us:
The prince of this world
To hell shall be hurled;
He seeks to alarm,
But shall do us no harm—
The smallest word can fell him.

The Word they still must let remain
And for that have no merit;
He is with us upon the plain,
By His good gifts and Spirit.
Destroy they our life,
Goods, fame, child and wife?
Let all pass amain,
They still no conquest gain,
For ours is still the kingdom.

LV.

ANONYM.

1879.

UR God's a fortress all secure,
A ready shield and arm is he;
From ev'ry strait we now endure,
He will not fail to make us free.
The old bitter foe,
Set purpose doth show;
Deep craft and might strong
To his dread mail belong;
His like there's none on all the earth.
Of our own strength there's nothing done,
Our fall were soon affected;
The right man battles for us, One
Whom God himself elected.
Dost ask—"who sufficed?"
He's named Jesus Christ;
Lord Sabaoth—One
Than whom, God else there's none,
Then surely he must hold the field.
And if the world with devils filled,
Our ruin were contriving;
To anxious fear we will not yield;
Success must crown our striving.
This world's prince shall still,
Though threat as he will,
Not harm us—because,
Condemned of old he was;
A mere word can secure his fall.

Our foes must let the Word remain:
 Nor thanks receive, nor merit;
 There's with us on the battle plain,
 He, with his gifts and Spirit.
 And take they our life,
 Goods, fame, child and wife,
 We yield them—e'en then,
 The foe shall take no gain;
 For ours the kingdom still remains.

LVI.

ANON.

1880.

A Tower of strength our God is still !
 A mighty shield and weapon;
 He is our help from all the ill
 That hath us now o'ertaken.
 The old bitter foe
 Now means deadly woe:
 Deep guile and great might
 Are his dread arms in fight,
 On earth is not his equal,
 With might of ours here naught is done,
 Our loss were soon effected:
 But for us fights the Valiant One,
 Whom God Himself elected.
 Ask you: "Who is He?"
 Christ Jesus: here see
 Great Sabaoth's Lord !
 There is no other God:
 His is the field forever.

Though devils all the world should fill,
 All watching to devour us,
 We tremble not, we fear no ill,
 They cannot overpower us.

This world's prince may still
 Scowl fierce as he will,
 He can harm us none,
 For he is judged—undone;
 One little Word o'erthrows him.

The Word of God they shall let stand
 And not a thank have for it,
 Here Christ Himself leads the command
 With His great gifts and Spirit;
 And take they our life,
 Goods, fame, child and wife,
 When their worst is done,
 They yet have nothing won.
 The kingdom ours remaineth.

LVII.

S. R. FISHER.

1880.



OUR God is a stronghold, indeed;
 A powerful shield and weapon.
 He helps us out of every need,
 Which here to us may happen.
 The old deadly foe
 Seeks our overthrow;
 Much craft and great might,
 Compose his armor bright:
 On earth there is none like him.

In our own might can nought be done
Our rout is soon effected.
There fights for us the proper One,
By God Himself elected.
Ask ye, who this be?
Jesus Christ is He,
The Lord Sabaoth;
And there's no other God:
The field He e'er possesses.

And were the world with devils filled,
Who would devour us wholly!
No fear in us need be instilled;
We yet shall triumph fully.
Though this world's dread prince
Fierceness may evince;
Still he us can't harm;
His pow'r we shall disarm;
A little word can fell him.

The Word they shall allow to stand,
For which no thanks they merit.
He with us is on every hand
By his good gifts and Spirit.
Should they take our life,
Goods, fame, child, and wife?
When they've all obtained,
They naught in least have gained:
To us remains the Kingdon.

LVIII.

ANONYM.

1880.

A safe stronghold our God is still,
A trusty shield and weapon,
By His right arm He surely will
Free from all ills that happen.
For still our ancient foe
Doth seek to work us woe;
Strong mail of craft and power,
He weareth in this hour;
On earth is not his fellow.

Stood we alone in our own might,
Our striving would be losing;
For us the one true Man doth fight,
The Man of God's own choosing.
Who is this choosen One?
'Tis Jesus Christ, the Son,
The Lord of hosts, 'tis He
Who wins the victory
In every field of battle.

And were the world with devils filled,
And watching to devour us,
Our souls to fear we need not yield,
They cannot overpower us;
Their dreaded Prince no more
Can harm us as of yore:
This rage we can endure:
For lo! his doom is sure,
A word shall overthrow him.

Still must they leave God's word its might,
 For which no thanks they merit;
 Still is He with us in the fight,
 With His good gifts and Spirit.
 Even should they, in the strife
 Take kindred, goods, and life,
 We freely let them go,
 They profit not the foe:
 With us remains the Kingdom.

LIX.

ANONYM.

1880-83.

a mighty bulwark is our God,
 Armor and arms unfailing;
 He helps us free from every rod,
 His people now assailing.
 The old foeman's will
 Works in earnest still—
 Great might, skill to lure,
 In his dread armature—
 On earth is not his equal.
 With strength of ours we naught can do—
 Soon would we sink dejected—
 But for us fights the Hero true,
 Whom God himself elected.
 Ask ye, who is this?
 Jesus Christ it is,
 Of Sabaoth Lord,
 And He alone is God.
 The field is His forever.

Though devils all the earth should fill,
 Each waiting to devour us,
 We tremble not, we fear no ill,
 They cannot over pow'r us.
 This world's prince may still
 Rage fierce as he will;
 His threats are but vain,
 We shall unharmed remain—
 One little word o'erthrows him.

The Word unshaken shall remain,
 Whatever foes invade us,
 Christ takes with us the battle-plain,
 With gifts and grace to aid us.
 Let them take our life,
 Goods, fame, child, and wife,
 Let all things be gone—
 Yet have they nothing won:
 The kingdom ours abideth.

LX.

J. W. BRIGHT.

1880-83.

TOWER of defense is our God,
 In our warfare the weapon;
 Us free declares the august Word,
 When present dangers threaten.
 The father of lies,
 How earnest he strives!
 He girds on his will,
 Lays snares with deep skill,—
 Unrivalled under Heaven.

Our own strength ne'er to victory led,
Our ruin is appointed;
Th' avenging flame His hand doth spread
Whom God himself anointed.

Dost ask, who is he?
Jesus Christ sets us free!
Sabaoth we sing;
The one Eternal King
For us the foe has conquered.

The world if fill'd with Satan's host,
With death were us assailing;
Rejoice we yet with lawful boast,
Our triumph is unfailing!
The prince of the air
In wrath would us tear;
But vain is his might,
For he's judg'd aright,
And at a word stands quailing.

Our foes unto the Word must yield,
Nor merit adulation;

Us succors He upon the field
With means for our salvation.
Do they take our life,
Goods, honor, child, wife!
Endure every pain,
For theirs is no gain,
Ours is the Kingdom's duration!

LXI.

G. THRING.

1882.

A fortress sure is God our King,
 A shield that ne'er shall fail us,
 His sword alone shall succour bring,
 When evil doth assail us;
 With craft and cruel hate
 Doth Satan lie in wait,
 And, armed with deadly power,
 Seeks whom he may devour;
 On earth where is his equal?

Oh! who shall then our champion be,
 Lest we be lost forever?
 One sent by God,—from sins 'tis He
 The sinner shall deliver;
 And dost thou ask His name?
 'Tis Jesus Christ,—the same
 Of Sabaoth the Lord,
 The everlasting Word,—
 'Tis He must win the battle.

God's word remaineth ever sure,
 To us no merit owing
 The spirit's gifts—of sin the cure—
 Each day He is bestowing;
 Though nought we love be left,
 Of all, e'en life, bereft;
 Yet what shall Satan gain?
 God's kingdom doth remain,
 And shall be our's forever.

LXII.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1882.

A mighty fortress is our God,
To shelter and defend us :
Our help in need, his arm, his rod
Will evermore befriend us.
The old crafty foe
Means us deathly woe;
Deceit and great might
Are his arms in fight :
On earth is not his equal.
In our own strength can naught be done.
Our loss were soon effected :
But for us fights the valiant One,
Whom God himself elected.
And who can this be
But Christ, it is He,
The Lord Sabaoth;
There is no other God,
The field is his possession.
Though Devils filled this world below,
All waiting to devour us,
We tremble not, no fear we know,
They could not overpower us;
The prince of this world,
Whose darts may be hurled,
Can never harm one;
He's judged—his power is gone;
One word can overcome him.

The Word forever shall abide,
 Though foes dispute its merit;
 He's ever present by our side,
 With his good gifts and Spirit;
 Take they even life,
 Goods, fame, child, and wife,
 Their worst is then done,
 Yet they have nothing won,
 The Kingdom ours remaineth.

LXIII.

L. W. BACON.

1883.

STRONG tower and refuge is our God,
 Right goodly shield and weapon,
 He helps us free in every need,
 That hath us now o'ertaken.
 The old evil foe,
 Means us deadly woe;
 Deep guile and great might
 Are his dread arms in fight;
 On earth is not his equal.

With our own might we nothing can,
 Soon are we lost and fallen;
 But for us fights the righteous Man,
 Whom God himself hath callen.
 Ask ye, who is this?
 Jesus Christ it is,
 Our Sole King and Lord,
 As God of Hosts adored;
 He holds the field forever.

Though earth all full of devils were,
Wide roaring to devour us;
Yet fear we not such grievous fear,
They shall not overpower us.
This world's prince may still
Scowl fierce as he will,
He can harm us none,
He's judged; the deed is done;
One little word can fell him.

His word they still shall let abide,
And little thanks have for it;
Through all the fight he's on our side
With his good gifts and Spirit.
Take they then our life,
Wealth, fame, child and wife,
Let these all be gone.
No triumph have they won,
The kingdom ours remaineth.

LXIV.

M. SHEELEIGH.

1883.

a moveless Fastness is our God,
A goodly ward and weapon,
He frees us from all ills abroad
That us have now o'ertaken.
The old fierce enemy,
How earnest is he!
Great might and deep guile
His dreadful arms awhile:
On earth there is none like him.

In strength of ours naught can be done,
Our doom were soon effected;
There strives for us the fitting One,
Whom God Himself elected.
His name now ask ye?
Christ Jesus is He,
The Lord Sabaoth,
Who's very God in truth,
The field he holds in triumph.

And though earth full of devils were,
And eager to destroy us,
Fear scarce should us the least deter,
To us the end is joyous.

This world's prince, so drear,
In wrath may appear,
No harm shall we know,
He's judged to his o'erthrow;
One little word can fell him.

The Word to us they still must yield,
And not a thank shall merit:
He's with us truly on the field,
With gifts and by his spirit.
Ev'n take they our life,
Goods, name, child and wife,
When all's torn away,
Yet nothing gained have they;
The kingdom ours remaineth.

LXV.

J. TROUTBECK.

1883.

a stronghold sure our God remains,
A true defence and weapon;
His present help our freedom gains,
What ill soe'er may happen,
Our old malignant foe
Thinks to work us woe;
Armed with craft and might,
Unswerving he doth fight;
On earth is none to match him.

Our strength is naught, do all we can,
Defeat is soon effected;
But fights for us the proper Man,
By God Himself elected.
Ye ask who this can be?
Jesus Christ is He,
Yea, of hosts the lord,
The God alone adored,
The champion none can vanquish.

If all the world with fiends were filled,
A band that would devour us,
To fear our hearts need little yield,
They could not o'erpower us.
The prince who rules this world
From his throne is hurled;
Him, though fierce he seem,
We now may harmless deem;
A single word can quell him.

The Word shall still in strength abide,
 Yet thanks doth no man merit;
 In warfare God is at our side,
 Both by His gifts and Spirit.
 And should they take our life,
 Wealth, name, child, and wife,
 Though these all were gone,
 Our foes have nothing won,
 The realm of God is left us.

LXVI.

R. M. M'LINTOCK.

1884.



OUR God's a fastness sure indeed,
 A trusty shield and weapon;
 He helps us free in every need
 That unto us may happen.
 The old wicked foe
 Now in earnest doth go,
 Deep wiles and great might
 In his fell store unite,—
 The earth holds not his fellow.

By strength of ours is nothing done,
 Full soon are we dejected !
 But on our side's a champion
 By God himself elected.
 And who may that be ?
 Christ Jesus is he,
 The Lord God of Hosts !
 All gods else are vain boasts,
 Our camp is in his keeping.

Though demons rage both far and near,
 And gape our souls to swallow;
 Not all too great shall be our fear;
 Success our steps shall follow.
 The prince of this world,
 Though threats he hath hurled,
 To us can do nought,
 For if to judgment brought
 One word declares his sentence.

To let the Word stand they are fain,
 And small thereby their merit;
 He dwells among us on the plain
 With gifts and with his spirit.
 What though they take life,
 Goods, name, child, and wife,
 We need not rebel—
 No profit those to heal.
 While ours must be the kingdom.

LXVII.

GODFREY THRING.

1884.

a Fortress sure is God our king,
 A shield that ne'er shall fail us,
 His sword alone shall succour bring,
 When evil doth assail us;
 With craft and hate
 Doth Satan lie in wait,
 And, armed with deadly power,
 Seeks whom he may devour;
 On earth where is his equal?

Oh ! who shall then our champion be,
Lest we be lost forever ?

One sent—by God,— for us 'tis He
Who fights, and shall deliver;
And dost thou ask His name ?
'Tis Jesus Christ, the same
Of Sabaoth the Lord,
The Everlasting word,—
'Tis He must win the battle.

Though filled this earth with demons be,
All eager to devour us,
Yet are our minds from terror free,
They ne'er shall overpower us;
The prince of this world still
May scowl as e'er he will,
His rage we do not heed,
For why ? his doom's decreed;—
One little word can fell him.

God's word they still must let remain,
To them no thanks or merit,—
He's with us on the battle plain
With his good gifts and Spirit;
Though all be lost, e'en life,
Goods, honour, child and wife,
Yes all, e'en all, may go,
No triumph hath the foe,
For us abides God's kingdom.

LXVIII.

ANONYM.

1885.

A fast, firm fortress is our God,
A trusty shield and weapon;
He helps us free from every need,
That hath us now o'ertaken.
The old bitter foe
Now means deadly woe,
Deep guile and great might
Are his dread arms in fight,
On earth is not his equal.

With might of ours we nothing can,
Soon were our fall effected,
But for us fights the proper Man,
Whom God Himself selected.
Ask ye, who is this?
Jesus Christ it is,
Lord of Sabaoth,
And there's no other God,
He'll hold the field forever.

Though fill'd the world with devils were,
All ready to devour us,
We tremble not, no ill we fear,
They can not overpower us,
This world's prince may still
Scowl fierce as he will,
He can harm us naught;
For why? He's judged of God,
One little word o'erthrows him.

The Word they still shall let remain,
 Nor any thanks have for it.
 The Lord's with us upon the plain
 With His good gifts and Spirit.
 Take they then our life,
 Goods, fame, child and wife,
 Let all these be gone,
 Yet nothing have they won,
 The kingdom ours abideth.

LXIX.

JOS. A. SEISS.

1887.

A mighty fortress is our God,
 A trusty shield and weapon;
 He helps us free through every need
 That hath us now o'ertaken.
 The old murd'rous foe
 Now means deadly woe;
 Much craft and great pow'r,
 Are his dread arms for war:
 On earth is no one like him.
 By our own strength we naught can do,
 Full soon would come destruction;
 But for us fights the Hero True,
 Of God's own self's election.
 Who's He, would ye wist?
 He's called Jesus Christ,
 Lord of Sabaoth,
 The only God in truth;
 The field He must hold surely.

And were the world all devils o'er,
Who'd fain devour and end us;
We're still not so o'erwhelmed with fear,
The victory must attend us.
This world's prince so fell,
May threat'n as he will,
Still full safe are we;
For judged and banned is he;
One little text can stay him.

The Word they shall let stand for aye,
No thanks be to them for it;
'Tis He upholds us 'mid the fray,
With his good gift and Spirit.
If they take our life,
Goods, name, child and wife,
Let all this be done!
They yet have nothing won;
And we still have the Kingdom.

LXX.

THOS. I. ZIMMERMAN.

1888.

A rock-bound fortress is our God,
A good defense and weapon.
He helps us out of every need
That doth us press or threaten,
The old, wicked foe,
With zeal now doth glow;
Much craft and great might
Prepare him for the fight,
On earth there is none like him.

With our own strength there's nothing
done,

We're well nigh lost, dejected:
For us doth fight the proper One,
Whom God Himself selected.

Dost ask for his name ?

Christ Jesus—the same !

The Lord of Sabaoth.

The world no other hath;

This field must He be holding.

And were the world with devils filled,

With which to quite devour us,

We need not be so sore afraid,

Since they can not o'erpower us.

The prince of this world,

In madness though whirled,

Can harm you nor me;

Because adjudged is he,

A little word can fell him.

This Word shall they now let remain,

No thanks therefor attending;

He is with us upon the plain,

His gifts and Spirit leading.

Though th' body be ta'en.

Goods, child, wife, and fame;

Go—life, wealth and kin !

They yet can nothing win:

For us remaineth the kingdom.

LXXI.

TH. C. PORTER.

• 1888.

A Tower of Strength our God is still.
A good Defense and Weapon;
He helps us free from all the ill,
That us hath overtaken.
Our old, mortal foe
Now aims his fell blow;
Great might and deep guile
His horrid coat-of-mail;
On earth is no one like him.

By might of ours can naught be done;
Our fate were soon decided—
But for us fights the Champion,
By God Himself provided.
Who is this, ask ye?
Jesus Christ! 'Tis He!
Lord of Sabaoth,
True God and Saviour both.
Omnipotent in battle.

Did devils fill the earth and air,
All eager to devour us,
Our steadfast hearts need feel no care,
Lest they should overpower us.
The grim Prince of Hell,
With rage though he swell,
Hurts us not a whit—
Because his doom is writ;
A little word can rout him.

The Word of God will never yield
 To any creature living;
 He stands with us upon the field,
 His grace and Spirit giving.
 Take they child and wife,
 Goods, name, fame and life—
 Though all this be done,
 Yet have they nothing won;
 This Kingdom still remaineth.

LXXII.

J. E. W.

1888.

A Tower of strength is still our God,
 A sure defence and weapon;
 He rescues us from every ill
 That here to us can happen :
 The old, deadly foe
 Intends our overthrow;
 Great power with all craft
 Direct his venom'd shaft,
 On earth there's nothing like him.
 With might of man can naught be done,
 Defeat were soon effected;
 But for us fights a chosen One—
 The one whom God selected :
 Who is it, ask ye ?
 Christ Jesus, 'tis He,
 Of Sabaoth Lord,
 Jehovah; the Word;
 The field He holdeth ever.

And were the world with devils filled,
Each seeking to devour us;
We need not shrink in sore dismay,
They cannot overpower us:
The prince of this earth
In rage may go forth,
No harm comes to us;
He's judged, 'tis done thus,
One little word confounds him.
That Word forever shall prevail,
With no one's thank or merit;
He stands by us upon the plain
With His own gifts and Spirit:
Then let them take life,
Wealth, fame, child and wife—
Let these be forgone,
They yet naught have won;
Ours, ours is still the kingdom.

LXXIII.

L. WEAVER.

1888.

a mighty stronghold is our God,
A good defence and weapon.
He helps us free from every care
By which we're overtaken.
The old, wicked foe
Now thirsts for our woe;
Much craft and great might
Form his armor for fight,
On earth he has no equal.

With our strength naught can be done,
And naught but loss expected :
There fights for us the Perfect One,
Whom God Himself selected.

Who is it, ask ye ?
Christ Jesus, surely,
The Lord of armies, He,
No other God have we.
The field He'll keep forever.

And if the world with devils swarmed,
All eager to devour us,
We need not be so sore alarmed;
They shall not overpower us,
The prince of this world
His fury has hurled,
Yet does us no harm;
For, omnipotent charm,
A little word can fell him.

This Word they shall not take away,
But no thanks, for they fear it.
He is with us within the fray
With His own gifts and Spirit.
Should they take our life,
Goods, fame, child and wife;
Let all this be done,
They have still nothing won :
The kingdom ours remaineth.

LXXIV.

ANONYMOUS.

1888.

A solid bulwark is our God,
A good defence and weapon;
He helps us free from all our need,
That us now hath o'ertaken.
The old wicked foe,
Earnest means it now.
Great might and much craft
His dread equipments are,
On earth there is none like him.
With our might is nothing done,
Soon were our loss effected;
There fights for us the Righteous One
Whom God himself elected.
Ask ye who He is?
Jesus Christ He's called!
The Lord Sabaoth
And there's no other God,
The field He must maintain.
And were the world with devils filled
Who would us all devour,
So is our fear not very great,
For we shall yet succeed.
The prince of this world
How sour us confronts,
Yet he doth us naught,
That is 'cause he is judged;
One little word o'erthrows him.

The Word they shall permit to stand
 And have no thanks therefor :
 He is with us upon the plain
 With His good gift and Spirit,
 Take they then our life,
 Goods, fame, child and wife;
 Suffer all to go,
 They no gain shall have,
 To us the Kingdom must remain.

LXXV.

H. E. JACOBS.

1888.

a Fortress firm, a shield, a sword,
 A help in all distresses,
 A refuge strong is God the Lord,
 However danger presses.
 The enemy, I know,
 Maddened, with rage doth glow.
 Boundless the power and art,
 Back of each cruel dart.
 Earth never had his equal.
 Sure were the field left to my might,
 All would be pure disaster;
 But I've a Comrade in this fight,
 Who any foe can master.
 If you should ask His name,
 It is the very same,
 Before which angels kneel,
 And at which devils quail,
 Jesus, true God and Conqueror.

Then let hell's hosts flood all the land,
 With myriads trained to end me;
 Why should I fear to make a stand,
 When such brave arms defend me?
 One moment—and 'tis done,
 The victory is won.
 The mighty prince is found
 Judged, prostrate on the ground.
 The smallest word can fell him.

Ah, then, the Word you'll let remain,
 A generous foeman surely!
 While Christ's with me upon the plain,
 My heart shall rest securely.
 Come, take whate'er you see,
 There is no loss to me,
 His Spirit makes me strong,
 His gifts call forth my song,
 His Kingdom's mine forever.

LXXVI.

A. C. WUCHTER.

1888.



OUR God a solid rampart is,
 A thorough ward and weapon,
 He freely helps in every stress,
 Which now hath us o'ertaken.
 The old bitter foe,
 Grim zeal now doth show,
 Much craft and great might,
 Are his for cruel fight—
 On earth is none that's like him.

With our own might is nothing done,
We were full soon defected,
But for us fights the very Man
Whom God himself selected.

Dost ask who is this ?
Jesus Christ it is,
Of Hosts He is Lord,
And there's no other God;
The field He must possess still.

And tho' the world with devils swarmed,
Who sought but to devour us,
Yet are we not so sore alarmed,
We still shall be victorious.
The world's wicked prince
In dreadful ire grins,
Yet all's but in vain—
He's judged, the thing is plain,—
One little word can fell him.

The Word they still shall let remain,
Nor have a thank of merit,—
He's ever with us on the plain,
With His own gifts and Spirit,
Take they e'en our life,
Goods, fame, child and wife,
With all still comply,
They'll profit naught thereby—
The realm for us remaineth.

LXXVII.

J. T. KENDALL.

1889.

A firm-built fortress is our God,
A strong defence and weapon;
An ever-present help in need,
When direst dangers threaten:
That old irate foe,
In great fury now,
With utmost pow'r and art,
Doth prepare his part,
There's not on earth his equal.

With our weak arm naught can be done,
To avert great loss, defeat,
But lo! there comes God's chosen One,
He goes our foe to meet:
His name! Hast not heard?
'Tis Jesus the Word,
Of armed hosts Lord,
There's no other God,
See! He gains and holds the field.


And were there foes on ev'ry hand,
Alert to sieze and destroy;
We should not fear, but take our stand,
And songs of triumph employ:
The world's potentate,
Though coming in state,
Need cause no alarm,
For judg'd cannot harm,
A tiny word can fell him.

That Word shall all its foes withstand,
 To none beholden for its pow'r,
 Of gracious plan He brings to hand,
 Gifts and Spirit for the hour:
 Take they e'en our life,
 Goods, hon'r, child and wife,
 We all these forego,
 Gain they cannot so,
 Whilst we retain the kingdom.

LXXVIII.

C. C. ZEIGLER.

1891.

 UR God a stronghold is indeed,
 An armor never failing;
 He helps us out of every need
 That us now is assailing.
 The fiend, malign and old,
 Is eager and bold;
 With great might and lies
 He comes in gruesome guise;
 On earth is not his equal.

With our own strength we naught can do,
 The foe would triumph o'er us;
 But God has sent the right Man true
 To fight the battle for us,
 Who is he, dost exclaim?
 Christ Jesus his name—
 The Lord Sabaoth—
 There is no other God;
 The field, He shall maintain it.

And were the world with devils filled,
 All seeking to devour us,
 With no great fear our hearts are chilled—
 They shall not overpower us.
 How fierce soe'er his mien,
 Condemned is seen
 The prince of this world:
 To hell shall he be hurled;
 A little word can fell him.

Foes make God's word more sure to stand
 Its own—not theirs—the merit;
 With us abides, as He has planned,
 God's favoring grace and Spirit.
 What though they take our life,
 Home, honor, child, wife—
 Let everything go;
 Nothing they gain, we know;
 But ours remains the kingdom.

LXXIX.

ANONYM.

1891.

A stable fort our God abides,
 A buckler stout and weapon;
 He helps us through whate'er betides,
 Or can us now mishappen.
 Our old Satanic foe
 Now aims a deadly blow;
 Deep craft and dreadful might
 Have mailed him for the fight:
 On earth he still is matchless.

With our frail force, undone the plan,
Soon would our hopes be blighted;
But for us fights the true-born Man,
Whom God himself invited.

Ask ye, who hath suffered?
His name is Jesus Christ,
Jehovah, Lord of host:
No other God man boasts
Is sure to win the battle.

And were the world with devils sown,
And would they quick us swallow.
We ne'er with sore affright should groan,
No good speed would them follow.
The prince of earth's domain.
Howe'er he wrath may feign,
Can nought 'gainst us achieve,
His might wins no reprieve:
A single word can fell him.

The Word leave they to stand its ground,
For which no thanks they merit,
Our cause to help He's ever bound
With all this gifts and Spirit.
Yea, let them take our life;
Goods, honor, child, wife,
They far away may drive:
With no gain shall they thrive,
God's Kingdom still is with us.

LXXX.

(Broad Scotch.)

Wm. W. SMITH.

1888.

OUR God is aye an unco beild !
Defender ever leevin' !
He helpit us, an' was our shield—
Wi' a' our troubles grievin' !
Our auld malignant fae
Wad hae his gruesome way:
His slee an' pawkie craft
His graith an' cleeding aft,--
The warl' ne'er saw his even !
Wi' our ain micht is naething dune,—
We're near our last undoin' !
But O, the Richt Man helps us sune,
An' turns aside our ruin !
Speir'st thou, "Wha is that same ?"
Christ Jesus is his name !
Lord o' the heavenly host,
Nae ither God we boast;—
A hostile warl' subduin' !
An' though the fiends sud fill the air
An' ettle our devourin',
We never wad be dauntit sair,
Nor fley't at terror lowerin' !
This warl's prince himsel',
Though he sud look sae snell,
Can gie us nae mair fear, •
For his ain judgment's near,—
Ae word can send him cowerin' !

That word sal ever bide on hie,
Nor ever fae come near it !
An' God sal stan' beside us aye,
Wi' a' his gifts an' spirit !
Tak they this life awa',
Gear, fame, wife, bairns, an' a';
E'en let them gang for aye
Nae gain hae they that slay !
Our kingdom we'll inherit !

